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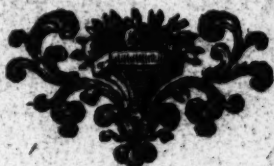
THE
FLOWER-PIECE: *A*

A
COLLECTION
OF
Miscellany Poems.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

*Hic Ver purpureum, varios hic Flumina circum
Fundit Humus Flores: hic candida Populus antro
Imminet, & lenta texunt Umbracula Vites.*

VIRG. 9 Eccl.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the Royal-
Exchange in Cornhill; and H. WALTHOE, between
the Two Temple Gates in Fleet-Street.

M. DCC. XXXI.



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THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.



HE world is so well convinced of the usefulness of such collections as this, that it is hoped the present will need no other apology, than to say, it was compiled with care, and digested with taste.

BUT if what is said of the usefulness should be objected to, it is sufficient to urge the kind reception which sundry things of this kind have met
A 2 *with;*

with ; besides it is obvious to consideration that they are the repositories of several curious pieces which might have been lost to the world, either through the authors negligence, or their own minuteness, which, when treasured up in this manner, descend to posterity, and give pleasure to other ages than those they were written in.

THEY are also sometimes of use to authors themselves, and of consequence to readers, as it has been often known that writers of considerable reputation have in a course of years overlook'd some pleasing performances so much, that when they resolv'd to give their works to the publick, a great many copies must have been wanting, if they had not been to be found in these miscellaneous collections.

IT must be confess'd these considerations produced the following collection, which was begun some years ago, and gradually augmented by such little pieces as fell by accident into
my

my hands, as well as such which were procured with some diligence and expence.

IF collections in general are useful, it may be affirmed that this has some particular merits.

FIRST, it consists of some good pieces, which, but for my curiosity, had been lost to the publick, they being such as were rescued by my means from the obscurity to which their authors modesty had condemned them, and it may be safely said, that where-ever such modesty appears in authors, some merit is to be found in their works.

SECONDLY, some of them are the leisure amusements of persons of great rank and high station, who would never give themselves the trouble of publishing or collecting their leisure amusements, if they had not been extorted from them, at my instance, by the pleasing violence or harmless fraud of some of their friends. And it is to be observed, that

sach composures, while they disdain a servile compliance with the pedantry of rules, have in them certain beautiful touches either of elegance or gaiety, which greatly surpass all improvements that are the meer result of study or science.

LASTLY, this collection deserves the uncommon praise of being in a great measure new, none of the pieces that I can find having appeared in any other volume, and but few that have got into print in any shape, and of those few such of them as have their authors names prefixed, are here published more correctly than the copies of them which have gone abroad in any manner whatsoever.

FOR these reasons, as well as for the excellency which some good judges have attributed to several of the following poems, I have ventur'd to call this collection the FLOWER-PIECE, that being the most concise and expressive translation, considering our idiom, of the word Anthologia, under which title
so

so many exquisite performances in the learned languages have heretofore appeared.

Nothing more need be added, but my private opinion, that this collection, as all good ones should, somewhat resembles a toyshop, where every different imagination may find something to be pleased with, as well as others which it may overlook, and where the gayest fancy may be delighted with agreeable nicknacks and pleasing gewgaws, while the most solid understanding may be entertained with ingenious workmanship and useful inventions.



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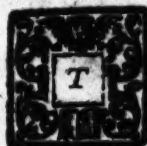
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THE

Printed

THE
K I T E.

AN
Heroi-Comical POEM.

IN
THREE CANTO'S.

By Mr. P. BACON.

Ex Noto Fictum Carmen sequar.

HOR. de Art. Poet.



Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XXIX.

THE
K I T E

Heroi-Comical Poems

THREE CANTOS

By Mr. R. B. B. B.

By Note Written Garmen Jorum
Hon. de Art Poet



Printed in the Year MDCCLXX

Wh
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Or
To



THE K I T E.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

DIAN's character. CUPID, jealous of her growing power, retires to her apartment, and seizes the Copy-Book, by which she first learn'd to write. A description of it. He finds the young lady herself at her Harpsichord. The particulars of her Song.



*I*AN knew well to chase the tim'rous hare,
Or thro' the woods pursue the flying deer;
O'er the high mound her courser rag'd secure,
Eager, yet conscious of the charge he bore:
While health auspicious mantled in her face,
Glow'd on her cheek, and heighten'd ev'ry grace.
Or if the clam'rous echo's of the field,
To the gay dance, and sweeter musick yield,

Her courtly motion set the soul on fire,
 And told us all the graces of the lyre.
 If DIAN at the frame display'd her pow'r,
 And charg'd the needle with the future flow'r,
 New life, like some kind destiny, she gives,
 And in a nobler loom the * heroe lives:
 Here ORMOND's duke, retir'd from martial cares,
 The peaceful scarlet of a tulip wears;
 There great EUGENE, in azure robes array'd,
 Confest his toils and dangers well repay'd;
 Here grew, adorn'd with ev'ry spreading grace,
 The purple honours of the gay BORLACE;
 On this fair stalk the GALLICK monarch shone
 More pow'rful on her apron, than his throne.

Love, with a jealous eye, beheld the fair,
 Number'd her conquests, and began to fear,
 Watch'd ev'ry glance that wander'd from her eye,
 And saw with less success his arrows fly:
 "But must that empire I derive from heaven
 "Be giv'n to DIAN all! so cheaply giv'n!
 "Nations no more at my dread altars bow!
 "And these victorious shafts lie useless now!
 "Not so the golden trophy VENUS gain'd;
 "'Twas with the ruins of a TROY she reign'd,
 "When slighted JUNO, raging with despair,
 "Led sternly out her booted GREEKS to war.

* Alluding to particular names given by Florists, &c.

So griev'd the God; and, stung with fury, fled
Where jealous rage and pale resentment led.

SACRED to secrecy and sweet repose,
Rose an alcove, where, rang'd in artful rows,
(By DIAN wrought) the drowsy poppy grows;
The virgin here, like SOL's declining ray,
Withdrew her lustre, and retir'd from day:
Gay FANCY, ever waking, here retains
Her liveliest visions, and her softest scenes;
While SLUMBERS round their silent station take,
And seal those eyes that keep the world awake:
Where wedding-cake, inspiring pleasing dreams,
The happy partner of her bed proclaims,
While guardian LOVES the merry dance begin,
And jolly HYMEN leads the bridegroom in.
In caskets here unnumber'd trophies lay,
And loaded shelves their mimic pomp display;
Here paper-towns their waving turrets shew,
And forests from her scissars taught to grow;
There the proud ship extends its wondrous frame,
And to the maid brings home eternal fame;
Carnations here the lingring eye regale,
Here ever blows the lilly of the vale;
The lavish rose here wantons all the year,
So spreads its blooming leaves, so blushes here.

HERE, to repair his loss, poor CUPID flies,
And darts in ev'ry cask his restless eyes.

BENEATH a gilded pile of billet-deux,
CUPID at length the marbled quarto views,

That taught her words a sable hue to wear,
 And bid 'em please the eye as well as ear.
 In virgin order, the coy letters move,
 Nor modest know the closer ties of love;
 Yet not the chief that boasts a flourish'd train,
 (The rolling beauties of a hasty pen)
 With all his gaudy ornaments, could please
 More than the simple elegance of these.
 Here A, by himself A, surnam'd the great,
 With awful front o'erlooks the little state,
 And, like ÆNEAS, with majestic pace,
 T'*Italian* order leads his letter'd race;
 While, next him, little a, with youthful pride,
 Trips, like IULUS, by his father's side:
 Here bending c's disclose half orbs of light,
 Like the new honours of the queen of night:
 There i, like the fifth EDWARD, stands display'd,
 His crown for ever hanging o'er his head:
 There o, distinguish'd by his curious round;
 And q, by children in the corner found:
 The s, with arched neck, and tail reclin'd;
 And the twin u's in sacred friendship join'd.
 Each letter thus, by different beauties known,
 In order led the gay succession on.

TREMBLING with eager joy, he snatch'd the prize;
 DIAN no more grew hateful to his eyes:
 And now in haste his golden wings he spread,
 And, all impatient, sought the beauteous maid.

FIXT to the lyre, he found the tuneful fair;
 The mystick numbers well deserv'd his ear.

She

She sung, when ghosts approach, why lights burn blue;
Why candles shew the future billet-doux;
Why, from the taper, rose the virgin-strife,
Why chastest breath recalls it into life;
Why the young HYLAS bids his father run
T'obey the summons of a watry sun;
And why, to think, should aid the housewife's skill,
And thro' the joint conduct the lucky steel;
What certain ills succeed, if crickets call;
Why states and salt-sellers together fall.





THE KITE.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

CUPID opens his design of making the KITE, and offers his arms to DIAN. The LOVES descend. The plan for the KITE is laid out by a mechanical LOVE, who begs CUPID's bow of DIAN. They all assist in the work, till the leaves of the COPY-BOOK are us'd. Here MERCURY seasonably furnishes them with Acts of Parliament. The Tail is finish'd, and the Lanthorn added by DIAN. CUPID receives it, and institutes the Game of Leaping over the Candle. A short episode on this subject.

THE virgin ceas'd; and VENUS' smiling son
(The volume waving in his hand) begun.
" If e'er I taught that breast to fall, and rise,
" And emptied quivers from those sparkling eyes;
" If I, the lover sweetly to beguile,
" Spread o'er those dimpled cheeks that winning smile;
" Let CUPID once his earnest wish obtain;
" Hear what he asks, nor let him ask in vain.

" Know

The K I T E.

9

" Know then, fair maid, from Love's great sov'reign
" Has CUPID, ought?—'Tis all fair DIAN's now! [know,
" The world receives thy edicts with applause,
" And Love's liege subjects hear from thee their laws.
" Thee shall the GRACES, thee the SMILES attend,
" And young DESIRES around their airy camp extend.
" But shall these hands no mark of favour boast,
" Robb'd of their arms!—my bow, my quiver lost!
" Ah! let the skilful maid a frame prepare,
" These leaves (so heav'n has doom'd) must rise in air:
" Then, born on ZEPHYRS, shall thy work be seen,
" And distant eyes adore the wing'd machine:
" CUPID well-pleas'd shall guide its easy flight,
" And DIAN too shall view its wondrous height!
" At JOVE's command, the royal EAGLE flies,
" And bears his rolling thunder thro' the skies;
" The gaudy PEACOCK struts in plummy pride,
" And stalks majestic by a JUNO's side;
" And tho' mamma prefers her wanton DAVE,
" CUPID shall have a better BIRD than JOVE."

Thus urg'd the power of love—Agreed—she cry'd;
And reach'd the bow and quiver from his side.

Now to their posts a thousand Lovers descend;
And round the fair with busy zeal attend;
Amongst 'em one, whom long experience blest
With a mechanick head above the rest.
He form'd the ruff in good ELIZA's days,
And first confin'd the slender waist in stays:
He first with beauty-spots adorn'd the maid,
And bid her borrow lustre from their shade:

He

He knit the lovers-knot in times of old,
 And form'd the circle of the bridal gold:
 He on the ear first hung the sparkling rings;
 His was the tucker; his the kissing-strings.
 He first in canvas hoop enclos'd the maid;
 Turn'd the round coif; and rais'd the stiffen'd head.
 While other Loves the paste, or pack-thread brought,
 Drew out the plan, and built the BIRD in thought;
 He sought the wand, which first her grandfire bore,
 Th' expressive ensign of the sheriff's pow'r;
 This next the infant DIAN active strode.
 And round the parlour fancy'd journeis rode:
 (Its mane, like gold, in glittering tinsel spread,
 And painted streamers nodded o'er its head).
 But now miss MOLLY, with becoming speed,
 Press'd with her wanton weight the nimble reed:
 Artful he tempts the little fair to stay,
 And steals the long-descended gift away.
 His useful theft the winged band approve,
 Fair DIAN smil'd, and thus began the LOVE.

" Ah, gen'rous victor, spare one useless toy!
 " Ah! let us once again the Bow enjoy!
 " Those eyes alone can greater mischiefs do,
 " Want not our skill, and wound without our Bow!
 " Be thine the TURTLES! be the SPARROWS thine;
 " And keep the QUIVER!——but the Bow resign!
 " Crown'd with its arch, MARIA's horse shall rise,
 " And trail thy labours thro' the wondring skies!"

THUS

The K I T E.

11

THUS he: nor su'd in vain; the maid gave ear,
And with a graceful nod receiv'd his pray'r.

AND now, disrob'd of all its usefess pride,
Firm to the bow the pliant reed she ty'd;
As when (some full, but distant, mark in view)
With stretch'd-out arm the PARTHIAN draws his yew;
The string, declining from its closing ends,
Obliquely to the arrow's head descends:
So fell the cord, so stood the captive steed,
By DIAN's hand to rise, for nobler flights decreed.

THE little LOVES, not idle by her side,
For various works the manuscript divide:
Those o'er the surface spread its leaves, while these
Collect the sacred relicks for the stays.
Exulting CUPID too his tribute brings,
And waves on high the deeply-scollop'd wings:
With art divine the fringe he gather'd round,
And with a silken cord the tassels bound:
His bow with these the pow'r of love adorns,
And the gay pendants tremble from its horns.

YET, ah! what boots his care? what griefs attend?
At once his hope, his joy, and labour, end!
The volume fails!——and still unfinish'd lies
The bird of LOVE! still wants a tail to rise!

BUT while around th' imperfect work they wait,
Or by the silent maid all pensive sate,
HERMES, (so bids the laughter-loving damie)
Like an old justice of the quorum, came.

A

A dark full-bottom'd wig his temples shades,
 And o'er his shoulders venerably spreads;
 An antient cane his steady steps did guide;
 And an old sword stuck stiffly by his side:
 With a long file of senate-acts he came,
 These tax'd the land——and those secur'd the game.
 In DIAN's skilful hand he left the prize,
 And, quick as thought, shot upward to the skies.
 With cautious skill the shining steel she guides,
 And in small remnants HERMES' gift divides.
 Speeches of kings came flourish'd from her hand;
 And furl'd, like heroe's plumes, their edicts stand:
 Laws hung like cambrick on the wrists of beaus;
 And ANNA's acts look like her furbeloes:
 These nicely-gather'd on her lace she strung,
 And on the BIRD decrees of nations hung.
 Of proclamations next a dome she frames,
 Enclos'd within, a living taper flames:
 Thro' equal folds its wanton blazes play,
 And wavy rounds transmit the silver ray.

CUPID with reverence receives the prize,
 (A thousand transports sparkling in his eyes:)
 "And shall great actions publick triumphs grace,
 "And does thy work (he cry'd) deserve 'em less?
 "When PYTHON by APOLLO's arm lay slain;
 "And stretch'd his livid body o'er the plain,
 "Revolving seasons did the deed proclaim,
 "And spoke the conquest in the PYTHON game:
 "In ev'ry age this just reward was due,
 "And ROMAN games, as ROMAN heroe's, grew:

" But

" But still to L O V E proceed no solemn shows,
 " No myrtle garland binds the victor's brows.
 " Hence then shall the gay youth and active maid
 " In merry gambols fly o'er * N A N C Y's head,
 " (For know, that trembling light which glimmers there,
 " Was N A N C Y once, a maid, like D I A N fair)
 " When merry sports the hoary season brings,
 " And raises hinds from slaves to short-liv'd kings,
 " When R O S E the circling monarchy obtains,
 " And dreadful whiskers mark disloyal swains.
 " This sure, at least, may N A N C Y's memory claim,
 " And D I A N's work demand a winter-evening game."

Thus spake the God, then spread his golden wings,
 And o'er the waving taper active springs;
 Fair V E N U S' sons the great example view,
 And o'er the light their volting chief pursue.

But say, my muse (since thou alone canst tell)
 How N A N C Y liv'd, and how lamented fell!
 N A N C Y, a virgin of the vestal train,
 H Y M E N in marriage sought, but sought in vain.
 In vain he strove with all his joys to move,
 And warm her marble breast to nuptial love:
 The nymph, regardless of his pray'rs and sighs,
 From his embraces pale and panting flies;
 The God pursu'd; ——— and now had reach'd the fair,
 As thus she cry'd ——— " O holy V E S T A, hear!

* This, with the following episode, refers to the Riddle,
 Little white Nancy, &c.

" Let

" Let NANCY still, amid thy maiden choir,
 " From HYMEN free, preserve thy living fire!"
 She said:—and sudden to a taper turn'd,
 And in his circling arms, still trembling, burn'd.
 " Yet shalt thou, stubborn maid, enrag'd he cry'd,
 " At all my wedding-feasts, attend the bride;
 " Where-ever HYMEN's call'd, Thou too be there,
 " A witness to those joys thou wouldst not share."

Thus he—and on his NANCY silent gaz'd,
 As her white petticoat around her blaz'd.

So great ALCIDES from the world retir'd,
 And flaming, in the magick-shirt, expir'd.



T H E



THE KITE.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

One of the LOVES is sent to ÆOLUS, for a prosperous gale to fly the KITE. ÆOLUS's cell describ'd. The LOVE returns with the gale to DIAN. CUPID gives directions for the flight. JUNO's envy, who sends IRIS to cut the string. The KITE is turn'd into a star.

BUT CUPID now, with anxious thoughts oppress'd,
Ceas'd from his sport, and thus the LOVES
address'd.

"THUS far have JOVE and FATE propitious shone,
"Our BIRD is finish'd, and one labour done!
"Its safety is our next, our chiefest, care,
"While high it soars thro' pathless fields of air.

"To

"To guard it from the whirlwind's rapid pow'r,
 "Or careful shield it from the treacherous show'r;
 "Will *ÆOLUS*, implor'd, refuse his aid?
 "Or *JOVE* deny, when *LOVE* and *DIAN* plead?

E H T

SCARCE had he ended, but a *LOVE* withdrew,
 And on the wings of gen'rous duty flew;
 Nor tarry'd till he reach'd the distant cells,
 Where the hoarse wind's imperious tyrant dwell;
 Here breath'd the *SOUTH*, that falls in genial show'rs;
 And gentle *ZEPHYR*, crown'd with vernal flowers;
 There blew the *EAST*, that buttons breasts of beaus,
 And over *CLOVE*'s neck the tippet throws;
 Or with the *NORTH* in dreadful union raves,
 Whirls o'er the main, and rolls the madding waves.

T H E M U S E

So (if great things may be compar'd with small,
 And troubled oceans to a jug of ale)
 When *TATTLE* hears the drink that cheers her soul,
 And to her tooth prepares the groaning bowl;
 Her giddy hands the mingling fluids make,
 And the white bubbles o'er the surface break.

UNNUMBER'D virgins croud on ev'ry side,
 To various punishments condemn'd for pride.
BELINDA here her pins and powder tries,
 And the dear glass with fruitless labour eyes:
 Behind her chair the ruffling *NORTH* attends,
 And ever discomposes as she mends:
 Raw vapours steam around the cruel fair,
 And winds that whistle nothing but despair.

There

There AMORET cold piercing blasts pursue,
 And stain her nose with everlasting blue!
 Others, whose hoops unwary youths inflam'd,
 Here run — O L—d! so rump'd and asham'd!

THRO' these the LOVE (and not regardless) went,
 As onward to the monarch's throne he bent.
 The merchant here his ready aid implores,
 And asks a brisker gale from INDIA's shores:
 There luckless HERO for a calm intreats,
 While her LEANDER tempts the fatal streights:
 And black-ey'd SUSAN with impatience burns,
 To know how soon sweet WILLIAM's ship returns:
 Whilst ÆOL 'midst his guards, in awful state,
 Array'd in furr, like RUSSIA's sov'reign, fate:
 His stretch'd-out arm dispensing prosperous gales,
 To fame and conquest swells BRITANNIA's sails.

Now all was hush'd, and LOVE his silence broke,
 And thus the wind-compelling king bespoke.

" IF ever DIAN's beauty reach'd thy cell,
 " If e'er thine eye beheld the sportive belle,
 " When the fair huntress, foremost of the train,
 " Grew to her steed, and scow'r'd along the plain:
 " If ÆOL then in conscious rapture stray'd,
 " And round her neck, in glad confusion, play'd;
 " If then, with greedy joy, her lips he press'd,
 " Rump'd her tucker, and unveil'd her breast;
 " That hand, that did so soft thy bliss reprove,
 " Gives to thy charge, this day, the BIRD of LOVE:

" Let ZEPHYRS then in active whispers breath,
 " But every other wind be still, as death !
 " This FAN be thine, and such in love its pow'r,
 " Not JOVE, in all his shapes, e'er boasted more.
 " When future passions shall thy breast invade,
 " Be this the present to the fav'rite maid ;
 " It's sheet unfurl'd reveals a scene of gold,
 " And LOVE in ambush lies in ev'ry fold ;
 " Soon as her hand these painted altars raise,
 " The nymph, not vainly, with my arrows plays ;
 " This ever shall new thoughts of thee suggest,
 " And bear thee to her lips, and wait thee to her breast."

THUS he — and the grim monarch of the wind,
 In swelling bags a happy gale confin'd :
 With these well fraught, the LOVE returns to day,
 And back to DIAN wings his liquid way.

Now with the bird she seeks the flow'ry meads,
 (Pancies and dazies spring where-e'er she treads ;)
 The little LOVES around, with decent pride,
 Hang on her hoop, and triumph by her side.

Lo ! mid the ranks, superior, CUPID moves,
 And issues out his orders to the LOVES ;
 To these he gave the lanthorn, and the tail.
 But trebly charg'd 'em to supply the gale.
 A chosen cohort from the rest he drew,
 And to their care assign'd th' important clue.
 " Soon as the maid in equal poise sustains,
 " And on her arm my BIRD obliquely leans,
 " You forward haste — (this glove shall be the sign)
 " With judgment to contract, or give it line ;

" Do

" Do you with caution from the tail repair,
 " But yield the lanthorn with distinguish'd care!
 " Who diligent, this day, attends my bird,
 " His hand shall, next to CUPID's, hold the cord."

THE glove was wav'd—the steady engine flew,
 Sprung into air, and lessen'd to the view;
 Proudly it sail'd, on crowding ZEPHYRS born,
 And ev'ry LOVE was pilot in his turn:
 DIAN transported too, beheld it fly,
 And to the taper grew her aking eye.

BUT CUPID tim'rous saw its height in air,
 And thought his bird too distant from his care.
 'Twas he the MESSENGER decreed to send,
 And would, by proxy, on his bird attend:
 What better than a billet-doux may prove
 The tender representative of LOVE?
 For, lo! the maid a gilded sheet imparts,
 That breath'd unfeigned flames, and real darts.
 Led by the clue, its rapid flight it steers,
 And to the bird his airy summons bears.

AH! what avail its easy-waving wings?
 And length of tail, that boasts successive acts of kings!
 How frail our span of time! how fix'd its date!
 How soon the noblest labours yield to fate!
 Sleep-breaking care, gay pleasure, and pale woe,
 Meet in one stream! and in one channel flow!
 Virtue but like a shining vapour flies!
 And when it brightest blazes, soonest dies!
 For JUNO now, (with memorable spight!)
 Saw CUPID's bird, and sicken'd at the sight!

Her past dishonour all her breast alarms;
 VENUS prefer'd, and her own flighted charms!
 Now from her eye a gleam of envy breaks,
 And all the goddess to revenge awakes.
 " Shall J U N O then, inglorious, quit the field?
 " And, unreveng'd, the palm of beauty yield?
 " If I D A's goddess boasts superior charms,
 " Why did my J O V E prefer me to his arms?
 " But still her impious hands detain the prize;
 " Her pow'r encreases! and her altars rise!
 " While I to partial fate, unheard, complain,
 " And call for vengeance to the Gods, in vain!
 " But swift thro' Æ T H E R let my I R I S glide,
 " And hang my keenest scissars by her side:
 " For, lo! where yonder glimmering ray appears,
 " Her urchin's bird its airy journey steers!
 " There all his joy, on one small thread depends,
 " That cut—at once his hope and empire ends!"

S H E said: and I R I S to her charge repairs,
 And reach'd the string,—and clos'd the fatal sheers!

T H R I C E was the baleful raven heard to croak,
 And hollow groans from heavy echo's broke!
 Screech-owls around the dire event foreshew,
 And C Y N T H I A from the mournful scene withdrew!
 N I G H T, silent, bore it blazing thro' the air,
 And deck'd her mantle with the rising S T A R.



To the MEMORY of Mr. HUGHES.

By a LADY.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, tho' distinguish'd urn,
 The MUSES, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn,
 In ev'ry face a deep distress appears,
 Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
 Such was the scene, when, by the Gods requir'd,
 Majestick HOMER from the world retir'd:
 Such grief the NINE on MARO's tomb bestow'd;
 For ADDISON, such sorrow lately flow'd.

SNATCH'D from the earth, above its trifling praise,
 Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys:
 Eas'd of its load, thy active spirit flies
 From orb to orb, and glides along the skies.
 The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
 And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more!
 O! may that spot, which holds thy blest remains,
 (The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains)
 Its tribute pay: May richest flow'rs around
 Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground:
 There may the BAY her shady honours spread,
 And o'er thy urn delightful odours shed:

Immortal,



Immortal, as thy fame and writings, grow,
Till these shall cease to live, or THAMES to flow.

' NATURE subdu'd, foretold the great decline,
And ev'ry heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul serene the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death thro' years of pain;
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
By judgment strengthen'd, and by virtue arm'd.
Still like yourself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
You neither dar'd, nor meanly fear'd, the blow:
Loose to the world, by ev'ry grace posses'd,
Greatly resign'd, you sought the stranger rest.
Fearless of fate, thus thy own PHOENIX dy'd,
When from his wound gush'd forth the purple tide.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see,
The practick part too soon we learn from Thee.
Who now shall touch the lyre with skill divine?
Or who to tuneful airs, shall tuneful numbers join?
Who shall the rapid tide of vice controul,
At once enchant the sense, and mend the soul?
In whom, shall the fair sister-arts unite,
With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.
Great ruler of our passions! who with art
Subdu'd the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart;
Bid GLORY in our breasts with temper beat,
And genuine valour, free from fev'rish heat;
Bid LOVE in all its native lustre rise,
And in EUDOCIA's form delight our eyes.

Virtue

Virtue distress'd, thy happy lines disclose,
With more of triumph, than a conqueror knows:
Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend:
That silent eloquence thy pow'r approv'd;
The cause so great, 'twas gen'rous to be mov'd.

WHAT pleasure can the bursting heart possess
In the last parting, and severe distress?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
And make the lab'ring breast with transport glow?
These gaudy trifles gild our dawning light,
But, oh! how weak their influence on our night;
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one gleam of comfort on the gloom.
The only joy the struggling soul receives,
Is in th' applause that conscious VIRTUE gives:
This cordial joy, retiring HUGHES possess'd,
This cheer'd his dying hours, compos'd his breast,
And sooth'd his pure and peaceful soul to rest!
Free from the BIGOT's fear, or STOICK's pride,
Serene he liv'd, and as serenely dy'd.
When, on life's utmost verge, he dauntless stood,
Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his scatter'd rays in one,
His last * EXALTED WORK intensely shone:
His living sentiments, there sketch'd we view'd;
But while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,

* The siege of DAMASCUS.

And

24 To Mr. HUGHES'S Memory.

And wond'rous heights, his tow'ring Muse had gain'd;
 Alas! the shining PA TH alone remain'd;
 So when the sun to worlds unknown retires,
 How strong, how boldly shoot his parting fires?
 Larger his setting orb, our eyes confess;
 Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless:
 As o'er the heav'n sublime his course extends,
 With equal pomp the radiant pow'r descends,
 Sinks to the seas, with golden lustre bright,
 And paints the clouds with beauteous tracts of light.



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*A RECEIPT for a RUNNING FRUSH in
the Foot of an Horse.*

RAISE veiny marble from its bed below,
Calcine it white, as *HYPERBOREAN* snow;
Of limpid water from the fountain pour,
Upon the chalky stone, a plenteous show'r,
The subtil stream will ev'ry part explore,
And wake the sleeping fire in every pore;
The mass ferments, tumultuous vapours rise,
And with their noxious steam infect the skies:
So love declin'd, by *CÆLIA*'s art returns,
She coldness feigns, afresh *AMYNTOR* burns.
Not long the strife, for peace will soon ensue,
And shew a milky fluid to the view;
Just such as flows thro' *MORSA*'s hands, it seems,
Press'd from the udder in alternate streams;
While she, melodious, soothes her love-sick pains,
And *COLLY*, breathing fragrant, hears her strains.
Apply this menstruum boiling from the fire,
Heat will add force, and raise its action higher.

BUT first, with curious eye, the cleft disclose,
Where, thro' the hoof, the briny humour flows;
Near to the quick, the horny surface pare,
And clip, with scissars keen, the ambient hair;
But oh! be cautious, lest too near you go;
Humours, inflam'd, to recent wounds will flow.

D

Your

26 *A Receipt for a Running Frush.*

Your care be next to find the acid juice,
 The gift of *BACCHUS*, and the *RHINE*'s produce,
 By age transform'd, and sharpen'd by decay;
 Wine sours like beauty, as it dies away.
 Mark! as the cackling hen, with clam'rous note,
 Runs wild divisions in her artless throat,
 To warn her sprightly mate, that love returns,
 And that, her pain new-eas'd, anew she burns;
 With foolish craft, her mazy step conceals
 The new-laid treasure, which her tongue reveals:
 Then search the hay-loft round, with careful eyes,
 And from the nest, relentless, bear the prize;
 Instructed be your hand to sever well,
 The ropy fluid next the pearly shell.

Blend both ingredients in a marble vase,
 Till ev'ry part shall ev'ry part embrace;
 Fear not lest sharp and smooth should ill combine,
 For sharp and smooth, we see, for life may join.

ADD fable foot, of rank sulphureous smell,
 Nor spare the lab'ring arm to mix it well;
 Form'd of aspiring smoak, and prone to rise,
 'Twill seek the surface, and your toil despise;
 But urge it briskly round, 'twill yield at length;
 Patience oft conquers what's deny'd to strength.

AN unctuous mass will soon arise to view,
 Of sovereign virtue, but infernal hue;
 A *CHARGE* the farriers call it ——— vulgar name!
 The learn'd an *UNGUENT*, tho' the thing's the same;
 And reason good, for sounds must be confest
 To work like magick both on man and beast:

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A Receipt for a Running Frush. 27

In PHILIP'S son, TIMOTHEUS could inspire,
Or love, or hatred, as he touch'd his lyre;
The venom of th' APULIAN * SPIDER'S wounds
Transpires at ev'ry pore, by chosen sounds;
Sounds can assuage and sooth the fiery steed;
To sounds the sickning miser's purse will bleed;
Then cease APOLLO'S skilful sons to blame,
For giving trivial things a pompous name.
Let PHOEBUS thrice restore the golden day,
And PHOEBE thrice her silver orb display,
(O'er watry humours is her monthly reign,
With her they swell, with her they shrink again)
Count from the point her phase replenish'd, wains,
And on her rim th' encroaching shadow gains;
Be this the time allow'd your charge to sound,
And search the bottom of the weeping wound:
Behold! three various pow'rs their forces join,
The sharp, the unctuous, spongy, all combine,
To check the briny flux, to dry, to close
The spewy mouths by which the humour flows.
One labour more: Intruding filth to bar,
Lay round an out-work of adhesive tar;
The work is done, the cure will stand confest,
† GIBSON and SNAPE will add——*Probatum est.*

P O S T S C R I P T.

One rule escap'd me, *viz.* Your tar apply'd,
Lap round these verses with red fillet ty'd,
Invert each letter first, to raise a charm,
It may do good; ——— at least 'twill do no harm.

* *The TARANTULA is found in CALABRIA and APULIA,
whose bite is only cured by musick.*

† *Two authors in farriery.*



A POEM in Praise of NASTINESS.

TO CINDERCOLA SCRUB.

O Goddeſs of the dirty hue!
 With eyes ſo red, and cheeks ſo blue!
 With mouth ſo wide, and cke ſo wet,
 With lips of ſnow, and teeth of jet;
 Oh! thou, t'whom pappa did bequeath
 A vulture's voice, a viper's breath;
 Who know'ſt no greater toil or pain
 Than that to make, or keep thee clean;
 Kindly accept the verſe that's due,
 To, CINDERCOLA, none but you.

HAIL, NASTINESS! thou darling dear!
 CINDERCOLA's favourite care!
 Mellow'd o' nights, with her you ſleep;
 With her you baſk, at morning peep;
 And, comfortably, funk and ſoak,
 Lodg'd in a dirty tatter'd ſmock.
 Or elſe, in joy, you loll away,
 And filth, an undreſs'd longing day.

WHAT!

A POEM in Praise of NASTINESS. 29

WHAT! tho' the laundress may look grave;
They three-pence get, who three-pence save.
And to wash oft the coarsest clout,
Most certainly, will wear it out.

FAST, e'er a festival you keep,
Watch much, if much you 'tend to sleep;
And be long dirty, if you mean
To enjoy the sweets of being clean.

O NASTINESS! I thee adore;
Friend to the miser and the poor!
How many craftsmen by thee thrive?
How many poets with thee live?
And write in rags, and lumber'd room,
Works to bless ages yet to come?
Which, as the earth from CHAOS sprung,
And CUCUMBERS grow out of dung?
And SUGAR, most refin'd, arose
From INDIAN's black, filth-pressing toes;
So, from the rubbish of the brain,
Clears up a bright poetick strain;
Which, tho' in dirty garrets bred,
Is yet, in fine apartments, read.
Monks merit heaven in dirty cloysters,
And dirty shells preserve clean oysters.

DEAR CINDERCOLA, ever be
From cleanliness, so costly, free.
Dirt to our souls can do no harm:
Dirt helps to keep the body warm:

30 *A POEM in Praise of NASTINESS.*

Dirt interferes not with our quiet :
Hunger's content with dirty diet.
And some say, both at court and kirk,
Folks often go thro' dirty work,
From dirt we came, to dirt we go,
All things, egad, are dirt below.

BE dirty, witty, then, and rake,
And shine like CHATSWORTH in the PEAK;
Bright be your soul for ever seen,
Bright thro' its nasty, dirty skreen.





To the Memory of a FRIEND.

BREATHLESS and pale! would heaven no longer lend
 The best companion, and the dearest friend?
 From all our baffled hopes, so rudely torn,
 Thou leav'st us long to wonder, long to mourn.
 Is life no more; poor miserable man!
 And yet what ills infect thy narrow span?

UNNUMBER'D ills; the terror of the night;
 And shaft of FATE, that flies in open light:
 The PESTILENCE that haunts the walks of death,
 And spreads blue mischief thro' the dreary path.
 DEATH last on his pale horse! around him wait,
 Cruel as hell, the ministers of fate:
 All on the wing his dread commands to bear,
 And scatter ANGUISH, HORROR, and DESPAIR.
 Each to poor man, his destin'd prey, lays claim;
 The AGUE shakes, the FEVER burns his frame.

'Twas thus my dearest friend resign'd his breath:
 Thus struggled thro' the rugged road to death.

FEBRIS approach'd with all her dreadful train:
 The raving AGONY, the raging PAIN.
 She sent the hostile ills to every part;
 Bid them assault the limbs, and storm the heart.

32 *To the Memory of a FRIEND.*

See where — good heaven! all ghastly pale he lies:
The closing eye is dark, — he faints, — he dies.

AH! early lost! ah life! thou empty name;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream.
Thy soil accurs'd no happy product bears;
Or the thin joys are choak'd with numerous tares.
A thousand noxious weeds are quickly found,
We glean few blessings from thy hated ground.

HERE baneful WEALTH and PRIDE erect the head,
And crush arising MERIT as they spread.
There FRAUD, and griping AVARICE devour
The widow's house, and orphan's little store.
DEATH might have fated there his craving rage,
And mow'd down all the vices of the age:
But heaven who saw, offended with our crimes,
Begrudg'd thy virtues to th' abandon'd times,
By his cold hand transplanted thee on high,
To spread and flourish thro' eternity.

WHAT tho' th' envenom'd tongue thy name assail,
The critick blame, and plodding pedant rail?
To all the better few for ever dear,
Thy fate, dear youth, will claim a frequent tear.
What tho' no borrow'd light adorn'd thy name;
Nor the faint lustre of reflected fame?
Thy unborn worth disclos'd her native ray,
And grac'd thy morning life with genuine day.
But ah! swift to the silent tomb descends,
The best of teachers, and the first of friends.

Obscure

To the Memory of a FRIEND. 33

Obscure, unknown, for foolish mankind gaze
The light'ning's flash, and comets direful blaze;
While the kind stars that, as they roll, dispense
Their friendly light, and vital influence,
In vain are kind, in vain adorn the skies;
They set unheeded, and unheeded rise.

'Tis thine, O S****, to do his merits right,
And place his image in the fairest light.
Be the lov'd picture shewn, no cloud between,
Nor by the partial eye of envy seen:
Tell how, in early youth, he left untrod
The coxcomb's path, and pedant's thorny road.
Tell how he treasur'd in his bounteous mind,
The future goods and wealth of human kind.
Then call a pious tear from every eye,
And tell, The young, the learn'd, the good must die.



TO



TO A
GENTLEMAN on his MARRIAGE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

I.

THE men who deal in clink and metre,
On these occasions search above;
And think 'twill make the verse run sweeter,
To summon MERCURY or JOVE.

II.

Down, conjur'd by poetick spell,
Drop VENUS, JUNO, PALLAS, PHOEBE;
And ten to one, if thought runs well,
But in comes HERCULES and HEBE.

III.

Our Criticks sure are stingless grown,
That for those boys provide no rods;
Who, where themselves are hardly known,
Invite so freely heathen Gods.

IV. Mr

On a Gentleman's MARRIAGE. 35

IV.

My simpler verse, devoid of state,
Would not your moments misemploy:
But begs it may at distance wait,
In humble guise to wish you joy.

V.

Much happiness, and length of years,
Kind heav'n bestow this noble pair;
In pleasures unallay'd by fears,
And transports undisturb'd by care.

VI.

DEIGN then t'accept his homely strains,
Whose awkward phrase, and verse uncouth,
Ev'ry embellishment disdains,
But eager joy and ardent truth.

VII.

SINCERITY adorns my scheme;
She draws the lines, she frames the piece;
She better decks the poets theme
Than all the gods of ROME and GREECE.

VIII.

HOWEVER classick tale allures,
Compar'd to truth it low subsides;
As ROMAN wit submits to yours,
Or GRÆCIAN virtue to your bride's.



*A CRAMBO on BALLYSPELLIN,
a Place in IRELAND, fam'd for its
MINERAL WATERS.*

To the Tune of SALLY.

ALL you that wou'd
Refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd LUELLIN,
By waters clear,
Come once a year
To drink at BALLYSPELLIN.

If pox or itch
Your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill cure your skin
Before you've been
A month at BALLYSPELLIN.

If lady's cheek
Be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose
Within it blows
When she's at BALLYSPELLIN.

THE

A Crambo on Ballyspellin. 37

THE footy brown
That comes from town,
Grows here as fair as **HELLEN**;
Then back she goes
To kill the beaux,
By dint of **BALLYSPELLIN**.

ALL ladies here
Are fresh and fair
As **ROSS**, or bright **DUNKELLIN**,
And **MARS** might make
A fair mistake
Were he at **BALLYSPELLIN**.

WE men submit,
As they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reason's plain,
The ladies reign,
They're queens at **BALLYSPELLIN**.

By matchless charms,
Unconquer'd arms,
They have the power of quelling
Such desperate foes
As dare oppose
Their power at **BALLYSPELLIN**.

COLD water turns
To fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came
From one bright dame,
Who drank at **BALLYSPELLIN**.

FINE

38. A Crambo on Ballyspellin.

FINE beaux advance,
 Equipt for dance,
 And bring their ANN or NELL in,
 With so much grace,
 I'm sure no place
 Can vie with BALLYSPELLIN.

No politicks,
 No subtle tricks,
 No man his country selling,
 We eat, we drink,
 We never think
 Of these at BALLYSPELLIN.

THE troubl'd in mind,
 The puff'd with wind,
 Do all come here pell-mell in;
 And they are sure
 To work their cure
 By drinking BALLYSPELLIN.

IF dropsy fills
 You to the gills,
 From top to toe tho' swelling,
 Pour in, pour out,
 You'll find, no doubt,
 A cure at BALLYSPELLIN,

THRO' all these parts
 Death throws no darts,
 No sexton's here a knelling;
 Come, judge and try,
 You'll never die,
 But live at BALLYSPELLIN. EXCEPT

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A Crambo on Ballyspellin. 39

EXCEPT you feel
Darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every *belle* in,
When from their eyes
Sweet ruin flies,
We die at BALLYSPELLIN.

GOOD cheer, sweet air,
Much joy, no care,
Your taste, your sight, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch,
Transported much
Each day at BALLYSPELLIN.

WITHIN this ground,
All folks sleep sound;
No noisy dogs a yelling,
Except you wake,
For CÆLIA's sake,
All night at BALLYSPELLIN.

HERE all you see,
Both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake,
The mirth we make,
Who drink at BALLYSPELLIN.

MY rhimes are gone,
I think I've none,
Except I should bring hell in;
But since I'm here
To heaven so near,
I can't at BALLYSPELLIN.

THE

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

THE
EIGHTH ODE
OF THE
Fourth Book of HORACE.
Address'd to Doctor TOWNE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

THE precious gem, the massy plate,
Should, on the man I honour, wait,
With medals by old ROME decreed
Signal of worth, and valour's meed;
Would fortune to my wish incline,
Nor should the meanest, TOWNE, be thine,
Could I the rich remains bestow
OF RAPHAEL, or of ANGELO;
This, who to sculpture owes his name,
That, by the pencil rais'd to fame;
Great souls by nature amply fill'd
With science rare, each aptly skill'd,
On canvas, or in stone, to trace
An human form, or angel's face.
But fate forbids this, and such grants
Your soul nor seeks, nor fortune wants:

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Old AE
By fore

The Eighth Ode, &c.

41

Verse you delight in; nature, kind,
To noblest pleasures turn'd your mind;
'Tis mine with verse to greet my friend,
And shew the worth of what I send.

Not publick characters of fame;
On marble grav'd, the warrior's name;
(Which far and wide great actions spread,
And to new life restore the dead;) E.
Not HANNIBAL from LATIUM chac'd,
His pride o'erthrown, his pow'r defac'd;
Not war in purple pomp array'd,
Not CARTHAGE all in ashes laid;
Not AFRICK bending to the yoke,
From whence his name the victor took;
Could more exalt the hero's praise,
Than the CALABRIAN poet's lays.

Nor can your acts, your worth proclaim,
Nor all your worth secure your fame;
If bards neglect to state the sum,
And praise-preserving verse be dumb.

For who had heard of ILIA's name,
Or how the god compress'd the dame,
If her son's praise had mute remain'd,
And silence o'er his virtues reign'd?

SNATCH'D from the rav'nous jaws of death,
And from the STYGIAN flood beneath,
Old ÆACUS is made to shine,
By force of wit, and bards divine;

E

Who

Who, by the power of charming strains,
Have fix'd him in th' ELYSIAN plains.

THE muse, who draws her birth from high,
Forbids the man of worth to die;
And, not content their fate t' oppose,
Upon her fav'rites, heaven bestows.
By her ALCIDES, to Jove's feast,
Was introduc'd, a worthy guest.
That LEDA's sons, in stars benign,
Auspicious smile, O muse, is thine;
Forbid the seaman to be lost,
And save the vessel tempest tost.
'Tis thine, that BACCHUS, ivy-crown'd,
Quaffs, while eternal bowls go round;
And, freed from sublunary cares,
Propitious hears, and grants our pray'rs.



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*A Familiar ODE for the NEW YEAR,
1728. Addressed to EDWARD ROOME,
Esq; in the Country.*

By Mr. CONCANEN.

Animum non Carmina jacto. LUC.

THOU whom the NINE and PHOEBUS love,
Darling of all the tuneful band,
Say what delights thy mind improve?
What labour grows beneath thy hand?

WHILE I, with poor unequal lays,
Betray my zeal, and your desert,
Who only hope from friendship praise,
Nor boast a genius, but a heart.

DOST thou, with careful ken, pursue
The lev'rett thro' the morning snow?
Or give to death the hoarse curlew,
With slaughtering tube, a fiercer foe?

DAR'ST thou religion's pulse to feel,
Or controversy's cank'ring tooth,
Whose strong perplexities reveal;
That rage is not the fire of truth?

OR dost thou seek from crabbed law,
 Or dull state-tract provoking sleep,
 How solemn serious fools, in awe
 The wiser and the better keep?

NO, ROOME, thy taste I better know;
 He who his thoughts from shackles frees,
 His learned leisure may bestow,
 More to advantage, more to ease.

CHARM'D by the classic muse's voice,
 Attentive I behold thee sit;
 And gath'ring thence, delightful choice!
 The true, the beautiful, and fit.

THE common error you despise,
 That heavy moral tracts contain,
 A sure receipt for growing wise;
 A balm for thought, a cure for pain.

THE bard who sings the TROJAN war,
 True happiness and wisdom knows;
 And how to seek them, better far,
 Than ZENO or CHRYSIPPUS shows.

HIS counsels smooth my anxious hours,
 And my soul sweetens at his strain;
 While SENECA my temper sours,
 With precepts savage, harsh and vain.

the NEW YEAR.

45

USELESS, to sooth my tortur'd mind,
Comes EPICETUS from the shelf;
In him a comforter I find,
Much more afflicted than myself.

THRO' all the work which bears his name,
I trace the life of that false brave;
And clearly view, unhelp'd by fame,
A wretched, discontented slave.

A PEDANT of this gloomy kind,
Has power all gentler thoughts to blast;
With ranker spleen infects the mind,
And gives the soul a cynique cast.

DEAR ROOME, 'tis pleasant to behold
The solemn coxcomb's sullen frown,
Who, fond of stoick tales of old,
All nature's calls attempts to drown.

AT length, by pleasure unadvis'd,
Hard lab'ring thro' unnumber'd throws,
Despising all, by all despis'd,
Wise as DIOGENES he grows.

I NEVER yet for wisdom took,
Sadness and sorrow's dull parade,
The languid soul, the pensive look;
—'Tis only wisdom's MASQUERADE:

SHE

SHE often, swifter than the wind,
 Flies frighted from these harsh alarms,
 Leaves this false learning far behind,
 And refuge seeks in FOLLY's arms.

INDULGE thy joys, indulge thy muse,
 Let full delights and bowls combine,
 All gloomy vapours to diffuse,
 For truth and wisdom are in wine.

OLD CATO's virtue so admir'd,
 Wisest of ROMANS he, and best,
 By the FALERNIAN grape inspir'd,
 Through all his life this truth confess'd.

EVER observe the sober fool
 Mark'd by some ignominious stain;
 No RAVILLIAC, no murd'ring tool,
 E'er paid due honours to CHAMPAIGN.

NOR let thy gay companions feel
 An absence of thy wonted vein;
 True humour, easy and genteel,
 Strong, unaffected and serene.

How must thy rich conceits regale,
 In all their diff'rent beauties drest?
 The learned hint, the pleasing tale,
 The wise remark, th' unwounding jest.

THE man delighted with thy views,
Ne'er yet sedition's trumpet blew,
From HORACE or ANACREON's muse,
No mad SACHEVERELL ever grew.

FROM all unpleasing paths remove,
For happiness is wisdom's end,
So shalt thou, more at ease, improve
The BARD, the SUBJECT, and the FRIEND.

THEN far, far distant from your joys,
Be all that gives disquiet birth;
The pedant cant, the senseless noise,
Which oft usurps the name of mirth.

LET the approaching year be thine,
ISIS and CAM untouch'd glide on,
And only mingle with thy wine,
The purer streams of HELICON.





TO THE
KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

THE
Humble ADDRESS of the COMPANY of His
MAJESTY's Ship *ORFORD*, 1727.

MOST gracious sovereign Lord, may't please
T' accept the homage of your SEAS,
NEPTUNE who, under you, commands,
Craves leave to come, and kiss your hands;
And we, your servants, sons to HIM,
Give you THREE CHEARS from STERN to STEM,
And pray, whilst we can splice a rope,
You'll live the ANCHOR of our HOPE.

WE mourn your gracious father dead,
But joy takes place, that You succeed;
Your royal consort, next, we hale;
May she long ride in gentle gale!
And your lov'd off-spring never fail!

RECEIVE these dues rough as they run,
Rough as the elements we're on;
For they're sincere, tho' not for show,
Nor do they from mean custom flow,
But from the sense of what we owe.

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Our duty does not bounce and boil,
Our pen's not dipt in OXFORD oil.
We use no tinsel art to prove
The force and ardour of our love;
But come, like poor plain-dealing folk,
To tell you, we're your hearts of oak,
And true — as ever struck a stroke.

NOR shall we make our paper sound
With Twenty shillings in the pound,
But we will give you what we can,
And all stand by you, to a man.
Speak, and we'll let your thunders fly,
And make the world dance BARNABY;
Bring the Pretender to the geers,
And cut off all your rebels ears;
Annex GIBRALTAR to your crown,
And all your foreign foes pull down;
Make huffing PHIL. and CHARLES obey
Your Scepter — keep us but in pay.

If the King asks, Who are you then?
We humbly answer, ORFORD's Men:
Who else dare ask, we answer bluff,
We're ORFORD's Men; and that's enough.*



*An EPISTLE to the Right Honourable
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

— *Quæ censet Amiculus, ut si
Cacus iter monstrare velit* —

HOR.

TH O' strength of genius, by experience taught,
Givest thee to sound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, WALPOLE, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can ought of use impart, tho' void of skill,
And win attention by sincere good will;
For friendship, sometimes, want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid RHONE, o'er swelling tides,
To grace old OCEAN'S court, in triumph rides,
Tho' rich his source, he drains a thousand springs,
Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings.

So thou shalt, hence, absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou can'st not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall prophane the muse,

No

No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

WHEN first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the show (tho' little understood)
He only seeks the POWER, to do the GOOD;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, where bounty sows;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But those who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege
'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.

THIS of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
Still give, unthank'd, still squander, not bestow,
For great men want not, WHAT to give, but HOW.

THE race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think ALL they get, and more than ALL, their due;
Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts:

52 *To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

From this mistake so many men we see,
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, tho' none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction's due,
Marks from the many, the superior few;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last — because they must,
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys;

THE Man who justly o'er the WHOLE presides,
His well-weigh'd choice, with wise affection, guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives thro' importunity, or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

WHEN safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate and loud;
Thro' such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask:

Surrounded

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. 53

Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow;
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

SOMETIMES the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks, that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagles wings,
Mark out the flights, by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men rise;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues — but their place.

SUCH to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

" SINCE so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?"
Methinks I hear thee cry? — The brave and just,
The man by no mean fears, or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

54 *To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

WE love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

THE man, who contradicts the publick voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task, that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends:
And since no art can make a counter pass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimick brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.

BE thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good, — nor will that task be hard;
Souls form'd alike, so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.

HIM, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to fully, or thy trust betray:
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand:
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye;
Tho' small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

LET others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought, or sold:

Fierce

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. 55

Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend;
In power, a servant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good;
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

IF thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the KING, thro' thee:
Or, fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble, when he strikes the blow,
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline;
(Illustrious doom!) the great, when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like ROME's senate, fall,
The prey, and worship of the wondering GAUL.

No doubt to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that were satirizing you;)
But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Tho' both have weight when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts the last.

ON these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;

56 *To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

When party rage shall droop thro' length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery Now.

THUS far my zeal, tho' for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, tho' stranger to the nine,
And negligent of any fame——but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature, what I teach from art.



The



*The Old Man's RELAPSE. Verses occasion'd
by the 'foregoing EPISTLE.*

Sopitos suscitatur Ignis.

Virg.

I.

FROM mans too curious and impatient sight,
The future, heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit grey hairs: Tho' freedom much we boast.
Some least perform, what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray?
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shews its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves, themselves deceive?

II.

LONG had I bid my once-lov'd muse adieu;
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse? How great your force of mind?
What power of words? What skill in dark mankind?
Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And BEAUTY files, and STRENGTH sustains each line.
Thus MARS and VENUS are, once more, beset;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

III. BUT

III.

BUT what strikes home with most exalted grace
 Is, haughty GENIUS taught to know its place;
 And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
 With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
 When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
 Thro' the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
 'Tis like the limpid streams of TAGUS rowl'd
 O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

IV.

BUT whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
 The tongue denies it to old ROME and GREECE;
 The GENIUS bids the moderns doubt their claim,
 And slowly take possession of the fame.
 But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
 Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
 That sooths my pride: ALL glory in the pen
 Which has done honour to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done; a like applause
 An antient and a * modern HONACE draws.
 But they to glory by degrees arose,
 Meridian lustre you, at once, disclose.
 'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
 To write so well, and yet to write no more.
 More bright renown can human nature claim,
 Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

* BOILEAU.

VI.

NEXT to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
Or to some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: Ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would AUGUSTUS' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so compleat a song.

VII.

A GOLDEN period shall from you commence;
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius, or your rank they view,
The muses find their HALLIFAX in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shewn
For you; 'tis BRITAIN'S interest, not your own:
For lofty stations are but golden snares
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I WOULD proceed, but age has chill'd my veins;
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I cou'd renew
Its tasteless, painful course to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect I give my rhyming o'er,
And to commend you most, commend no more.

IX. ADIEU.

IX.

ADIEU, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
 E'er long I'll talk thee o'er with DRYDEN's ghost;
 The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
 Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
 There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
 And think of immortality and thee ———
 My strains are number'd by the tuneful nine;
 Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee mine.



The MONKEY and MASTIFF.
 A FABLE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

TO learn our comrade's inclination
 Is the best rule for conversation;
 Before we trifle, we should find
 The bent and humour of his mind.

BUT, those who deal in jest and gybe,
 (The snip-snap, sneering, bant'ring tribe)
 Should use most caution not t' offend,
 Nor make a foe, nor hurt a friend.

With

With them such maxims should prevail;
And for their use I write my tale.

A MONKEY, who, alert and gay,
Went forth to pass some hours in play,
Met, e'er he many miles had run,
A MASTIFF sleeping in the sun:
And, deeming him companion fit
To relish drollery and wit,
Forthwith upon his back he flounces:
The surly MASTIFF starts and bounces;
PUG still pursues him as he goes,
Scratches his head, and pats his nose.
BALL sullen stalk'd, and snarling on,
But wish'd his irksome play-mate gone
Who, farther pleasant jests to break,
Tickles his ears, and bites his neck:
Touch'd with the pungent smart sensation,
The dog bark'd loud his indignation.
PUG jumps aloof, all pale with dread,
BALL snapp'd, and hardly miss'd his head.

A FRENCH marquis, who cross'd the place,
Beheld his brother wit's disgrace,
And, fond of the facetious stranger,
Cry'd out, in pity of his danger,
" *Laissez le, Monsieur, je vous prie;*
" *Il n'entend pas la Raillerie.*

A N



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EPILOGUE, *with* SONGS.

*Spoke, and sung at the THEATRE-ROYAL
in DUBLIN, by Mrs. STERLING,
to her Benefit-Play, THE WAY OF THE
WORLD.*

A Play, without a song!— 'tis gross offence!—
How! please an audience so polite— with sense!
—Prodigious this! three tedious hours to sit
Squeez'd up, and mortify'd with CONGREVE's wit!
—Ladies, and beaux, I own 'tis wondrous hard
To be so long from dear quadrille debarr'd!
—Poor DUBLIN!— how thou'rt over-run with folly,
Cards, scandal, BEEGAN's OPERA, and POLLY!
Toys to kill time, and 'scape the plague of thinking,
—O wonderful alacrity in sinking!

BUT yet, for once— (tho' much 'tis out of season)
Deign to excuse th' impertinence of— reason!
—Fear not :— your Opera shall again delight ye:
And to the hundredth night we will invite ye.
Again the NEWGATE nymphs, in rival strains,
Shall melt your hearts for brave MACKHEATH in chains.

The

EPILOGUE, *with* SONGS. 63

The party-colour'd gentry yet shall roar,
And the Pit echoe with a loud ENCORE:
The Gall'ry dames behold their lov'd grimace,
And the great TYBURN HERO's rueful face!—

BUT, to dismiss ye now without a song,
Were barbarous indeed:— for some may long!
— Yet, raillery apart,— perhaps, you'll say,
Well may she sing, when we THE PIPER PAY.—

FIRST SONG.

To the tune, and in imitation of the original IRISH
words of, ELLEN AN ROONE.

- " With numbers vulgar, yet with heart sincere,
" I hail ye, kind gentry, and ladies so dear!
" Kind gentry, you're welcome!
" Dear ladies, you're welcome!
" You're welcome, you're welcome!
" A thousand times welcome!
" With ten thousand welcomes, I greet ye all here.

RARE musick this!— and yet, to chanting actors,
For THIS— you're grown such wondrous benefactors!
Excuse, in simple verse, a little satire;
And let my songs demonstrate my good nature!

SECOND

64 EPILOGUE *with* SONGS.

SECOND SONG.

To the SCOTCH tune, PEGGY GRIEVES ME.

I.

- " To you, bright nymphs, and gen'rous swains,
- " Your favour'd POLLY raises
- " Her artless voice, in humble strains,
- " To sing her guardians praises.

II.

- " To you she still devotes her song,
- " Whose tender aid reliev'd her,
- " When, thro' the plains, oppress'd with wrong,
- " Discourteous shepherds griev'd her.

III.

- " Thus numb'd with cold, and wintry air,
- " Her drooping head declining,
- " Some gentle hind with softest care
- " Perceives a linnet pining.

IV.

- " The little warbler in his breast,
- " Strait warm'd to life recovers;
- " And, in wild notes, like mine express.
- " Her gratitude discovers.

Well

EPILOGUE *with* SONGS. 65

WELL have ye kept good humour to the last!
And well I've prov'd your patience,—or your taste!
—Yet hold!—once more!—not to take leave looks ill!
—In failure of the deed, accept the will!
—ALLONS!—and then—to supper, and *QUADRILLE*. }

THIRD SONG.

To the tune, MY ALL IS IN MY POSSESSION.

" I, like young squires just come to town,
" Was led into play by folly;
" But quickly was rook'd, whilst gamesters won,
" Who swept the stakes from POLLY.
" Now all is past,
" I'm safe at last,
" Restor'd by your Concession;
" I've nought to fear,
" For till next year
" MY ALL IS IN MY POSSESSION.





An EPISTLE to Mr. H.

By the Right Honourable ———

UNSKILL'D in GREEK and ROMAN tongue,
Which words are short, and which are long,
To Thee these home-spun lines I send,
Not as a scholar, but a friend.

HERE I might shew from wise example,
In work elaborate and ample,
That HOMER, tho' he writ in GREEK,
Writ what his mother taught him speak.
HORACE, and VIRGIL's learned LATIN,
Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in:
That all fam'd bards (except the DUTCH,
If ever there were any such)
Have writ the poems they excel in,
In the same tongue, they learn'd to spell in.
To Thee alone, with greatest ease,
'Tis granted in all ways to please,
And, by a gift from heav'n miraculous,
All lingua's are to Thee vernaculas

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An EPISTLE to Mr. H. 67

That HORACE self had scarcely known
Thy thoughts or language from his own.

MANY a lad returns from school,
A LATIN, GREEK, and HEBREW fool;
In arts and knowlege still a block,
Tho' deeply skill'd in Hic, Hæc, Hoc;
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks, and found'ring clay,
Till weary with their road they stop,
Just at the mountain's lofty top,
Still poring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous prospect round,
Which hid behind the summit lies,
Conceal'd from low, and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay,
The toil and drudg'ry of the way;
From hence they might with transport view
All that the antient sages knew,
What they perform'd, and what they thought;
How TULLY spoke, and CÆSAR fought:
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own:
While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their shame.

YET we might spare the mighty pains,
In searching antient dark remains,
Since greater WORTHIES rise at home,
And BRITAIN scorns to yield to ROME.

68 *An EPISTLE to Mr. H.*

AUGUSTUS' reign, renown'd for peace,
 For learning, wit, and wealth's increase,
 No more we envy, while our land
 Is doubly blest from GEORGE'S hand.
 AMMON'S success, and CÆSAR'S mind,
 To form victorious MARLB'ROUGH join'd:
 DEMOSTHENES' and TULLY'S fame
 Must yield to WALPOLE'S greater name;
 Faction and strife, to hear his voice,
 Are dumb, and cease their jarring noise;
 Whole senates bow their yielding minds,
 Like woods before the southern winds:
 Free from deceit, and servile art,
 He speaks the dictates of his heart;
 His tongue enchants, his counsel leads;
 Peace enters first, and wealth succeeds:
 His virtue's thro' the land confest,
 While thus he sooths us to be blest.

If to new scenes we turn our view,
 And Learning, Arts, and Wit pursue,
 Our land can furnish men of fame,
 To eclipse the GREEK and ROMAN name.

LOCK shall instruct and form our youth,
 And teach their understandings truth:
 Vice shall look pale, and virtue thrive,
 Humanity and friendship live,
 While ADDISON our morals rules,
 And proves all villains to be fools.
 NEWTON shall lead our ravish'd souls
 Thro' boundless worlds beyond the poles;

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From star to star direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain to prove
Our nation's boast, our Country's love:
A land of PATRIOTS, brave and free,
While all mankind are slaves but we.
To what a height True Wit can reach,
Let WALLER and let CONGREVE teach.
And, if we needs must write by rules,
Without th'assistance of the schools,
In flowing verse, and lines well wrought,
What HORACE, what QUINTILIAN thought,
(Join'd with a little mother-wit)
ROSCOMMON and our POPE have writ.

THE FAIR, who best the muse inspire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of THAMES.
Th' ÆGYPTIAN queen the antients boast,
For whom the well-fought world was lost,
Tell me, DEAR H——, thou canst tell,
Thou know'st the dead and living well,
Could she her haughty charms compare,
With her, who represents her here?
Old HOMER's theme, the GRÆCIAN dame,
Who set whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld LAVINIA's eyes;
The GREEKS for her alone had strove,
And PARIS had been false to love.

THUS

Thus taught, and thus inspir'd, I write
 What friendship, and what love indite;
 Free from each modern witling's vice,
 Envy, and slander, flatt'ry, lies:
 To please our pride, or gain our end,
 Each jest should sacrifice a friend;
 While one's ill nature joins to praise
 What t'other's malice dully says.

In peace my harmless minutes pass
 Twixt Bus'ness, Beauty, and a Glas;
 Nor want I aught my soul to chear,
 But thee, to join in pleasures here:
 Thus may I live till life shall end,
 And love my MISTRESS, COUNTRY, FRIEND.



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THE
CAUSE of INCONSTANCY.

By the Same.

HOW have I heard the fair lament
Mens falshood, and their wretched fate?
How few are with their spouse content?
Or constant to their sighing mate?

How seldom souls below are join'd,
For one another fram'd above?
How seldom pairs of hearts we find
By heav'n ordain'd for mutual love?

THUS mens inconstant souls they blame,
For want of knowledge, or of thought,
While all this while 'tis in the frame
Of both our bodies lies the fault.

WHEN Jove had made this little ball
For four-legg'd beasts and creeping things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
A two-legg'd creature without wings.

MIL-

72 *The* CAUSE of INCONSTANCY.

MILLIONS of these he made at once,
To save himself all future trouble;
And men and women for the nonce
By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

THEN from OLYMPUS' dreadful top,
Well shaken in a bag together,
He tofs'd 'em down, and let 'em drop
Just as it pleas'd the wind and weather.

SOME fell in ASIA, some in GREECE,
In ENGLAND some, and some in SPAIN:
But seldom two of the same piece
In the same climate met again.

HENCE men, when grown to riper years,
Remembring this their former making,
Hunt up and down to find their pairs;
And women too in the same taking.

SOME prove too short, and some too tall,
This is too big, and that too little;
A fault they're sure to find in all:
Few ever tally to a tittle.

BY chance a pair may meet, and love,
And spend their lives in bliss together:
But when they tumbled from above,
It must be mighty temp'rate weather.

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FROM hence the murm'ring fair may see
 Mens hearts are not to blame one bit:
 Our souls would never disagree,
 If once our bodies did but fit.



VERSES *to a LADY, upon his receiving
 a Hurt in one of his Eyes.*

By the same Hand.

HOW vain are all the joys of man,
 By nature born to certain sorrow,
 Since none, not ev'n the wisest, can
 Insure the pleasures of to-morrow!

II.

THESE eyes, so late my envied boast,
 By CÆLIA priz'd above all other,
 See one, alas! for ever lost,
 Its fellow weeping for its brother.

III.

YET still I'm blest while one remains,
 To view my lovely CÆLIA's beauty;
 Her looks will ease th' acutest pains,
 With tend'rest love and chearful duty.

H

IV. HAD

FROM

IV.

HAD I for her in battle strove,
 The fatal blow I'd meet with pleasure;
 And still, to prove my constant love,
 With joy I'd loose my single treasure.

V.

Ev'N then, the beauties of her mind
 Would amply bless her faithful lover;
 He must be deaf, as well as blind,
 Who can't my CÆLIA'S charms discover.

VI.

Ev'N then, I'd find one solid bliss,
 Which heav'n to me alone dispenses;
 Tho' deaf and blind, her balmy kiss
 Would ravish the remaining senses.



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A FABLE, address'd to the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount MONT-CASSEL.

By a PERSON who had some Share in his Education.

A PEACOCK nobly born, and bred,
 Once took a fancy in his head,
 Whether for pleasure, health, or food,
 To ramble in a neighbring wood;
 The birds around from ev'ry tree,
 Crowded in flocks the sight to see.
 His train, adorn'd with glitt'ring rays,
 Provokes their malice, not their praise.
 But soon his envy'd splendour drew
 Censure from all the vulgar crew.
 Each bird, as if by mankind taught,
 Turn'd all his wit to find a fault;
 And wheresoe'er he took his flight,
 They always kept him full in sight.
 Of him alone the forest rung,
 He grew the talk of every tongue.
 Wise good-man OWL was heard to say,
 The PEACOCK scratch'd his head to day:

The RAVEN swore, in hollow tone,
 He saw him pick a dirty bone:
 For all his pride (says gossip QUAIL)
 He wants a feather of his tail:
 A LINNET came, and whisper'd low,
 He saw him bill a carrion CROW:
 Others observ'd he spoil'd the wood,
 By nipping ev'ry tender bud;
 Did all the mischief in his power
 To ev'ry plant, and ev'ry flower;
 The blossoms enviously he gathers,
 For fear they should outvy his feathers;
 For new-laid eggs he search'd about,
 Broke ev'ry one that he found out;
 Nor was he satisfy'd to plunder,
 He tore the very nests asunder.
 In short, whate'er he said or did,
 Could not by any means be hid.

BUT now, for what was first in view,
 My lord, I turn my self to you;
 To you I make the application,
 The rising honour of our nation,
 From school translated to a college,
 There to acquire superior knowlege;
 To have your noble blood refin'd,
 By what can best adorn your mind:
 You enter on a publick stage,
 In the first wildness of your age;
 And all around you ev'ry eye,
 On ev'ry thing you do, a spy;

Where

To the Lord Visc. MONT-CASSEL. 77

Where not a trivial act can be
From the severest censure free.

If smallest faults can give a handle,
For calumny, reproach and scandal;
If true, or false, the world will talk;
How circumspectly must you walk!

You know, my lord, 'tis wisely said,
(And you the passage often read)
The higher any persons rise,
The more expos'd to cens'ring eyes;
And if a vitious course they steer,
How monstrous will their crimes appear?

Your fellow students will each day,
Find something, right or wrong, to say;
Our lord MONT-CASSEL miss'd a pray'r,
In spite of all his tutor's care;
Instead of lecture in the hall,
His lordship was engag'd at ball;
The little sorry theme he writ,
Was scribbled without fear or wit;
He fell in company with rooks,
Who chous'd him out of half his books.

But should you copy vulgar lords,
Whose actions only vice records,
Whose very foot-men shew more sense,
Appear of greater consequence,

H 3

How

How foes will smile! how friends will grieve!
 To find you ruin'd past retrieve!
 Nay, all the world about will stare,
 To see you slip thro' all our care.

THEN listen, while I now describe
 The grand atchievements of your tribe.
 They drink, they quarrel, swear and game,
 And DICK the footman does the same.
 Behold a knot of peers approach,
 They just have bilk'd a hackney-coach;
 Behold them in their tavern airs,
 Kicking the drawers down the stairs;
 Behold their conduct at a play,
 What comedy so good as they!
 The valour of a noble rake,
 At midnight makes a city quake,
 The hero breaks the watchman's head,
 And frights the tradesman from his bed.
 His lordly soul undaunted hears,
 The windows clatt'ring round his ears,
 With busy hands he keeps a doing,
 Nor dreads at all the jingling ruin:
 And tho' his comrades all are flown,
 He stays to throw the t'other stone.
 (Now change, my muse; no longer jest;
 A graver style becomes the rest.)
 He blasts his fortune, health, and fame,
 Without the least regard to shame.
 At length, when all his credit's gone,
 No trades-man left to be undone,

To the Lord Visc. MONT-CASSEL. 79

A peer reduc'd, he makes pretension
To royal bounty for a pension;
Becomes, to get a mean support,
A truckling vassal to the court.

O LET it never once be said,
My lord, that you are thus misled;
Let not your early parts be lost,
Which so much pains and labour cost.
Ill-natur'd folks will say, with joy,
That lord was once a hopeful boy.
And ev'ry friend will grieve, to see
So fine a plant a stunted tree.

I KNOW, my lord, you can with ease
Command your passions, as you please;
If they break loose, you are undone,
And down a precipice you run.

LET prudence ev'ry action guide,
And only virtue be your pride:
Be just the same you were at school,
(I cannot give a better rule;)
Where your example has done more,
Than rods could ever do before.
Preserve your honour, and your truth,
Those lovely ornaments of youth,
By which you have distinguish'd been,
To the first dang'rous year SIXTEEN.
When too like ICARUS, we rise,
And spurn at what our friends advise,

Till sad experience brings to view,
 How rash and giddily we flew.
 Apply this hint and take it thus,
 Your TUTOR is your DÆDALUS;
 His care will shew the safest way,
 Your duty must be to obey.
 Till rip'ning judgment makes you see,
 The safest course as well as he;
 As he directs, if you can fly,
 With HONOUR live, with HONOUR die.



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*An EPISTLE, to the Right Honourable
the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant
of IRELAND; occasion'd by the Copper
Coinage. Written in the Year 1724.*

By Mr. CONCANEN.

——— *Votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.* VIRG.

——— *Sape utile vinci
Victoris placidi fecit Clementia victis.* QUID.

VIRTUE like yours, my lord, tho' plung'd in night,
Yet fame pursues, and sets in open light:
Such great, such gen'rous actions proud to bear,
Widely she spreads; for truths like them are rare.
For this she still attends you, lest you shou'd
Fondly attempt to be obscurely good;
Thro' ev'ry clime your genuine acts displays,
And spreads, in strictest truth, the strongest praise.

ALREADY poor HIBERNIA, hapless isle,
Feels your kind influence, and begins to smile:
Already gathers pleasure from her pain,
At the fair prospect of your opening reign;
While a smooth stream of gradual blessings flows,
Since GEORGE to Heav'n, and You to Him she owes.

YOUR

YOUR gen'rous counsels best your judgment tell,
 To govern gently, is to govern well.
 To stem the torrent of o'er-bearing might,
 And to defend an injur'd nation's right,
 Bravely you strove: fate otherwise decreed;
 Nor is it always merit to succeed.

IN early days, when conquest first began,
 E'er glory charm'd, or science polish'd man,
 By hunger only, or revenge inspir'd,
 Prompted to rage, and to the battle fir'd,
 Fiercely he fought, fear taught him to be brave;
 For to be vanquish'd, was to be a slave.

BUT when new arts improv'd the human mind,
 And heav'n-born virtue dignify'd the kind;
 When glory was their aim, and fame their prize,
 They warr'd, and conquer'd but to civilize.

WHEN with success the savage SCYTHIAN fought,
 Brute-like he triumph'd o'er the prey he sought;
 From all that's dear the trembling captive tore,
 And feasted on his limbs, and quaff'd his gore:
 Or else, with cruel mercy, deign'd to save
 His life, and doom'd him (harder lot!) a slave.

WHERE love of fame ROME's god-like leaders drew,
 Where-e'er her gen'rous eagles conqu'ring flew;
 She shew'd the barb'rous nations to be free,
 And taught mankind to worship liberty.

on Occasion of the Copper Coinage. 83

Ev'n thus her foes were us'd; their fierceness broke;
And none but savages refus'd her yoke:
But when she sent her sons with full command
To hold, and cultivate some foreign land;
No time or distance could her cares remove,
She still pursu'd them with a mother's love;
And bless'd them still, indulgent to their cause,
With ROMAN liberties, and ROMAN laws.

UNLIKE those nations, whom the fertile north
In swarms against her falling pow'rs sent forth:
Tho' from one gen'ral stock their tribes began,
Yet each the others conquests over-ran.
The friend, whom hunger first compell'd to go,
When settled once, became the common foe.
For GOTH and VANDAL differ'd but in name,
Their manners, language, and their clime the same.

AND shall such barb'rous practices defile
The fame of BRITAIN, and disgrace her toil?
Shall neighb'ring lands repine at her success?
Or say she only governs to oppress?
Forbid it, shame! that men, who justly prize
Freedom in act and thought, should tyrannize;
Or, led by fear, or, for mistaken ends,
Should wrest it from their countrymen and friends.
No more let partial censure fall on SPAIN,
For the MOORS torture, or the INDIANS chain:
Who his own native liberty foregoes,
May blameless lay the shackle on his foes.

GRANT

GRANT that old foes much favour mayn't deserve;
 And grant them apt from friendship's ties to swerve;
 Such as delighted to be free and rude,
 And strongly struggled ere they were subdu'd;
 Yet shall the BRITISH warrior be forgot,
 And with the vanquish'd share one common lot?
 Is BRITISH blood, from noblest fountains trac'd,
 By flowing thro' HIBERNIAN veins, debas'd?
 Must BRITAIN's sons be doom'd an hostile brood,
 Because another soil affords them food?
 Or must they forfeit all parental care,
 Whose only crime is, breathing diff'rent air?

THUS INDIAN planters, urg'd by lust of gain;
 For their own sons prepare the whip and chain.
 The female, by her master's art beguil'd,
 Expects the father's freedom for the child;
 While, villain he, disowns the blood so mix'd,
 And on the babe the mother's slavery's fix'd.

WELL said the seer, who sacred wisdom had,
 Heav'n's gift! Oppression makes a wise man mad.
 When mighty men misuse extensive sway,
 Nations may murmur, but they must obey:
 But when small villains press the galling weight,
 And with mean artifice insult a state;
 Rage rises high in ev'ry gen'rous breast,
 And indignation cannot be suppress.

So the fierce bull, by sportive peasants bound,
 But spurns the sand, or tears the trembling ground,

Till

on Occasion of the Copper Coinage. 85

Till latrant curs the lordly beast engage,
Provoke their fate, and kindle up his rage;
Disdain sits low'ring on his mangled face,
Wild and impatient of the dire disgrace;
He frets, he foams, he bellows with the pain,
Bursts, with a furious bound, the rattling chain;
Tramples impetuous on his frightened foes,
And scatters deadly ruin as he goes.

AND yet HIBERNIA's drooping shade may boast
Unnumber'd blessings for that one she lost;
That vers'd in letters, and in arts refin'd,
Which sweeten life, and polish human kind:
That ev'ry science she her own may call;
And TRADE, the nurse and parent of them all.
All this, O BRITAIN! (let her grateful be)
She owes to thy example, and to thee:
And yet all these her constant cares maintain,
And from all these she draws perpetual pain:
Are they not all by human skill devis'd,
To make her long-lost liberty more priz'd?
Hard state of being! when the greatest joys
Still border upon something that annoys!

So glides thro' flow'ry meads the purling stream,
And shews their beauties in its azure gleam;
Till from th' impending bank the mould'ring clay
Defiles its current,* and obstructs its way.

PURSUE, my lord, pursue the great design;
All heroes to the side distress'd incline:

Indulgent

nd,
Till

86 *To the Lord CARTERET,*

Indulgent to thy charge, her griefs assuage,
Nor let her sons with feuds intestine rage;
While BRITAIN'S mandates, from thy gentler hands,
Come rather like instructions, than commands:
So shalt thou draw down blessings on thy reign,
And, giving joy, be ignorant of pain.
Great minds partake the transports they inspire;
As human happiness is heav'n's desire.

THUS shall the sister isles united stand,
And, strongly link'd, fear no destroyer's hand:
While mutual love and mutual faith's improv'd,
And ev'ry doubt and jealousy remov'd;
Each home-born feud and ev'ry clamour cease,
And seeming jars cement more lasting peace.

So when a rising rock divides the train
Of some smooth current rolling to the main,
The waves indignant curl, and murmur'ing rise,
Till, when th' obstruction fails, the tumult dies:
First mix the rushing streams with joyous roar,
Then, gently hush'd, glide smoother than before.

HASTE then, my lord, to represent our king,
And, copy'd in your own, his virtues bring:
Where all conspire to bless his happy choice,
The senate's option, and the people's voice.
Soon with your presence charm the joyful coast,
And let to future times HIBERNIA boast,
She once a ruler had of soul unstain'd,
Whose breast no mean desire of wealth prophan'd;

Who

on Occasion of the Copper Coinage. 87

Who knew th' unsteady helm of state to steer,
Bold without rashness, cautious without fear;
Whom ev'ry grace embellish'd; in whose name
Statesman and patriot were for once the same:
Virtue's defence, rewarder of deserts,
A friend to learning, and a judge of arts,
Who fought and cherish'd worth where-e'er 'twas shewn,
Yet found no merit equal to his own.

So when her future viceroys fondly strain,
For fame like thine, too emulously vain!
Thy name shall fill the future poet's lays,
And, next to CARTERET, be their highest praise.





An EPISTLE to his Excellency
JOHN Lord CARTERET, &c.

By Dr. D——NY.

*Credis ob hoc, me Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
 Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.*

Mart. Epig. Lib. 9.

THOU wife and learned ruler of our isle,
 Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile,
 When next your gen'rous soul shall condescend,
 T' instruct or entertain your humble friend,
 Whether retiring from your weighty charge,
 On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
 Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
 How RICHIEU rose, and how SEJANUS fell:
 Or when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
 Circled with SWIFT, and some delighted friends;
 When mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
 Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine,

Nor

Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the publick counsels you decide:
Of when the DEAN, long privileg'd to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear, (whilst I sit by, abash'd and mute)
With soft concessions shortning the dispute;
Then close with kind enquiries of my state:
"How are your tythes? and have they rose of late?"
"Why, CHRIST-CHURCH is a pretty situation;
'There are not many better in the nation!"
"This, with your other things, must yield you clear
"Some fix,——at least five hundred pounds a year."

SUPPOSE, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em;
(You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've reply'd,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide.)

"My lord, I'm satisfy'd you meant me well,
And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell;
But you'll forgive me if I own th' event
Is short, is very short of your intent;
At least I feel some ills, unfelt before,
My income less, and my expences more.

"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
"A dignitary! with a city lecture——
"What glebes! what dues! what tythes! what fines!
"What rent!
"Why, doctor——will you never be content?"

I

WOULD

Nor

WOULD my good lord but cast up the account,
 And see to what my revenues amount:
 My titles ample, but my gains so small,
 That one good vicarage is worth them all——
 And very wretched, sure, is he, that's double
 In nothing but his titles, and his trouble.

ADD to this crying grievance, if you please,
 My horses founder'd on FERMAGH ways;
 Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
 Where ev'ry step endangers ev'ry bone;
 And, more to raise your pity, and your wonder,
 Two churches, twelve HIBERNIAN miles asunder:
 Which complicated cures I labour hard in;
 Besides whole summers absent from my garden!
 But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
 I'd change with CHARLY GRATTON for his SCHOOL——
 What fine cascades, what vists's might I make,
 Fix'd in the center of th' IERNIAN lake!
 There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
 Beneath the conduct of my good * Sir RALPH:
 There's not a better steerer in the realm;
 I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the helm.

" Doctor, a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
 " When CURES are crosse, a SCHOOL's a sure relief,

* *The Right Honourable Sir RALPH GORE, who
 has a Villa in the Lake of Erin.*

" Yo

" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the *LETURE* of your care:
" The scheme is for your honour, and your ease!
" And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
" Mean while, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you've a philosophick spirit:
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
" And you've enough to gratify them all:
" You've trees, and fruits, and roots enough in store,
" And what would a philosopher have more?
" You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks,"
—My lord, I've not enough to buy me books.
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supply'd,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?
Whose breast is so unman'd, as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy——who would wish to live,
And want the god-like happiness to give?
(That I'm a judge of this you must allow;
I had it once——and am debar'd it now.)
Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true;
Then how unblest am I, how blest are You!

" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—
" Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at?"
Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be sound'd;
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded;
My lord, I challenge nothing as my due;
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to You:

92 *An* EPISTLE, &c.

YET this might * SYMMACHUS himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)

“ My Lord, I’d wish—— To pay the debts I owe:

“ I’d wish besides—— To build, and to bestow:

* SYMMACHUS *Bishop of ROME* A. D. 499. made a
Decree, That no man should solicit for ecclesiastical pre-
ferment, before the death of the incumbent.



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The DANGLER.

THE DANGLER is of neither sex;
 A creature born to teize and vex;
 A thing made only to admire;
 Without a wish, or warm desire:
 His love is fed by intuition,
 And satisfy'd without fruition:
 The fawning slave gives no offence,
 Contented with small recompence:
 A whisper in a publick place;
 A secret from a smiling face;
 A pinch of snuff, a glance o'er-pays
 Th' officious service of his days.
 Dangling, content with such regard,
 Like virtue, is its own reward.
 He glories in a civil chain,
 In fruitless sighs, unpitied pain;
 His bliss depends on mens good-will,
 Most happy, when maids use him ill.
 Should once the yielding nymph grow kind,
 (More merciful than he design'd,)

He,

†

The

He, disappointed, runs away:
 No more pursues, but leaves the prey
 That does before him prostrate lay.
 Would you, fair nymph, the danger shun,
 Fly not; pursue him, and he'll run:
 Complying brings him in a scrape;
 Yield you, and he'll cry out — A rape.



A
 CURE *for* LOVE.

A TALE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

THE fates all are much divided,
 Nor is the question yet decided,
 From whence springs love. All own its laws,
 Yet each assigns a diff'rent cause.
 Some point out wit, some point out wealth,
 Some youth and beauty, strength and health.
 Well, has his happy pen display'd,
 (Who satisfy'd the CURIOUS MAID)
 Why the fond youth, for the coy fair,
 Looks with a downcast pensive air;

What

What gives his heart desires to know,
His blood to boil, his veins to glow.

Now let us make our muse consider,
Nor can ev'n modesty forbid her,
How her own sex, so soft by nature,
So sweet in symmetry and feature,
So like their CHINA, tender ware,
So nice, so painted, and so fair,
Can bear to mingle with th' impure,
Or can dissemble, to indure,
And have done since their kind began,
That hideous bearded monster, MAN.

BUT let us leave scholastick diction,
Which none e'er carried to conviction;
And like more modish authors move,
Supposing what we cannot prove:
Left argument should be too faint,
Drop the dispute in fable quaint;
And by reciting some old tale,
Make jests supply when reasons fail.

ONCE on a time, no matter when,
But all strange stories happen'd then,
Grown grey in thriving tricks of trade,
PLUMBINO liv'd, a wealthy blade.
Through sixty years he life had led,
And ten had mourn'd a widow'd bed;
One only daughter blest him;——fair?
Divinely so,——his fortune's heir.

As yet unripe for scenes of courting,
 For she was hardly turn'd of fourteen;
 Howe'er she felt some new emotions,
 Yet was but aukward in her notions.
 Her pleasing pertness in behaviour,
 Entirely won her father's favour;
 To others humour'some and snarling;
 But FANNY was his bosom's darling:
 Oft would he gaze upon her face,
 And ev'ry well-known feature trace:
 With rapture listen to her prattling,
 And learn the news of her tea-tattling,
 Then impotent his joy to smother,
 Cry "Just so charming was her mother."
 Whate'er she wish'd if she but hinted,
 No pains were spar'd, no costs were stinted:
 To purchase it. Her education
 Polite, for ev'ry foreign nation
 Supply'd her fire with teachers, fit
 T'improve her beauty, or her wit.
 Some taught to touch the warbling string,
 And some to dance, and some to sing.

MEAN-WHILE PLUMBINO, deep-design'd,
 Had higher matters in his mind;
 Nor hop'd, to crown his num'rous bounties,
 Less than the title of a countess:
 Nay, for a consort to his dear,
 Would have o'erlook'd a new-made peer.

How

How vain are all our hopes and cares!
When the main spring of our affairs,
For its just moves, depends on still
That weather-cock, a woman's will!

WHAT guard has beauty from disasters?
A youth there was among the masters,
Who set poor FANNY's heart on fire,
And fill'd it with some strange desire;
Sprightly his mien, his face was fair,
And in smooth ringlets flow'd his hair;
Just in the bloom of five and twenty,
Thro' all the foppling's tricks he went ye:
Hit wit but green, his nonsense mellow,
A perfect lady's pretty fellow:
Featly he danc'd, and when he sung,
The SYRENS warbled from his tongue;
Softly he breath'd the gentle flute,
And hated strongly to be mute:
His talk would make or me or you sick,
Soft and unmeaning like his musick:
But FANNY's breast with love alarming,
Made nothing ever seem so charming.
He fill'd her thoughts; when he was nigh,
Pleasure sat sparkling in her eye:
She sigh'd, when absent, at his name;
And her heart flutter'd when he came.
Dull to the rest; whate'er he taught her,
He quickly to perfection brought her;
Of her, his art alone could boast,
For that indeed she studied most.

K

Thus

Thus went he on without designing,
 Poor miss's quiet undermining;
 Unmov'd, unconscious of his kind,
 As she'd been homely, or he blind.

THAT beauty which could not prevail,
 Now ceas'd to be; her cheeks grew pale:
 Vapours, and qualms, and fits o'ertook her,
 And sleep, and health, and ease forsook her:
 She sigh'd, she pin'd, she wish'd, she panted,
 And dreams inform'd her what she wanted.

THE fire who saw how matters went,
 Saw it with wondrous discontent:
 Now cares o'erpay his former pleasures,
 For miss has broken all his measures.
 He knew for what she did endure,
 A husband was the only cure:
 And that he must his house disparage,
 Or else precipitate her marriage.
 Well, 'tis resolv'd; the man is chosen,
 And council ask'd of every cousin,
 For sake of form: All urge her youth.——
 " Psha I'll engage she'll find a tooth
 " To mump on man:——Besides he's rich;——
 " 'Tis better girls should smart than itch.

AT last he breaks his mind to FANNY,
 And tells her, that, for reasons many,
 She now must wed.—With dread affright
 She heard the news, and swoon'd outright.

She sunk, (and 'twas a kind relief:)
Play'd all the parts of woman's grief:
The fainting fits, the shuddering fears,
The wringing hands, the falling tears,
And twenty other tricks in fashion,
Till dad was melted to compassion:
And when she found his doating blindness,
Begins to sooth him into kindness,
Puts on a supplicating face,
And wipes her eyes, and tells her case:
Recites the causes of her care,
His sprightly wit, his genteel air,
His graceful shape, his easy gait,
His size, that was both tall and straight——
These, sir, are virtues; or I've mis-thought: ——
——He wants estate; ——but is that his fault? ——
Each sentence clos'd with, papa dear;
And now a sob, and then a tear:
She rose to rage; ——Let vain opinion
And pride deprive you of your minion:
For if things be not as I say,
I'll hang my self, or run away.

His fondness could not bring out No,
At length bursts out in " Be it so.—
He loves you not, nor knows your love:
——No, sir.—Then be at ease, my dove,
The point of fifty thousand pounds
Deeper than CUPID's arrow wounds;
If that has power to pierce his breast,
I bid thy bosom be at rest;

For what are jewels, gold and pearl?
What are they, if I lose my girl?

So said, he fought the happy youth;
And found, acquaints him 'of the truth:
Propos'd the thing without apology.
The youth reply'd, I must acknowledge ye—
—And paus'd, and hum'd, and seem'd afraid:—
I tell thee, man, thy fortune's made.—
—Then thus—The honour you design'd,
I own extravagantly kind;
And ne'er till now thought my lot hard;
I am, — I am, — an ABELARD:
No man so sure as he who tries;
Be satisfy'd, believe your eyes:
This from your child I can't conceal:
If yet her passion should prevail,
My life, my service, and my duty,
Shall be devoted to her beauty.

PLEAS'D with his open way of dealing,
In faults which he might hide revealing,
PLUMBINO goes, almost content,
Provided miss would give consent;
His destin'd hopes should not be cross,
Nor so much honesty be lost.

EVEN to his door this thought pursues,
Till miss comes big to hear the news.

THE

THE squire's condition he defines,
First with broad hints, and then by signs;
Which when she would not comprehend,
He told the tale from end to end.—
Yet here's no bar:—we only stay
Till you shall please to name the day:
But take some time; consult your pillow;—
What! to that odious, filthy fellow?
I swear, papa, 'tis most provoking,
You would not find that I was joking.
Him I despis'd by all that's rightful,
I always said he look'd so frightful:
I've learn'd enough from him before,
So, pray, sir, let him come no more;—
For grant I lik'd him,—I'm releas'd:
I lov'd a man, but he's a—beast.





*An ODE to the QUEEN, on the
happy Accession of their Majesties to
the Crown.*

By the Reverend Mr. NEWCOMB.

Quis Parthum paveat ? quis gelidum SCYTHEN ?

Quis, GERMANIA quos horrida parturit

Fœtus ? incolumi Casare, Quis fera

Bellum curet IBERIÆ ?

Condit quisque diem Collibus in suis,

Et Vitem viduas ducit ad Arbores ;

Hinc ad Vina redit latus, & alteris

Te Mensis adhibet DEAM.

Hor. lib. 4. od. 5.

A CCEPT your BRITAIN's smiles once more,
Which every eye is pleas'd to own ;
First paid, when you approach'd her shore,
Again, when you adorn'd her throne.

YOUR fame, at first, but half reveal'd,
Shone with a fair, but fainter ray ;
Tho' bright, yet lay a while conceal'd
In GEORGE's beams, and fuller day.

You

An ODE to the QUEEN. 103

You wipe those loyal tears away,
On his lov'd grave how justly shed!
In such a daughter well repay
Our loss, in such a parent dead.

THE pious drop, the frequent sigh,
Your piety (GREAT QUEEN) restrains;
Which every heart, and every eye
Paid, to lament his dear remains.

WHOSE virtue only could relieve
Our isle, o'erwhelm'd with publick care,
And change that passion into grief,
Which wanting you, had been despair.

THAT hour the nation's general voice
Call'd you her freedom to defend,
She borrow'd, in the happy choice,
That fame she only seem'd to lend.

So the rich gold, already bright,
Does to the gem new beauties owe;
And from the ruby takes a light
Much fairer than it does bestow.

THO' your high fame, or sacred worth,
Might each have claim'd the first renown,
You chose your goodness, not your birth,
The nobler title to your crown.

K 4

THUS

104 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

THUS JOVE, his hand tho' thunders arm,
Is pleas'd from his celestial bower,
Rather with smiles the world to charm,
Than prove his godhead by his power.

WHILE, sprung from your imperial bed,
A race of future kings appear,
Each BRITON'S heart, with joy o'erspread,
Has nothing left from fate to fear!

THO' fighting round a monarch's tomb,
O'er his sad hearse we still despair,
The grave shall not so fast consume
BRITANNIA'S hopes, as you repair.

Our swords may err, our spears may rust,
And fate oppose or check our arms;
You give our realms whereon to trust,
While valour awes, or beauty charms.

EVEN envy striving to depress
Those glories which your race adorn,
Sighs that her voice is forc'd to bless
That royal worth it fain would scorn.

THOSE fleets and seas, her guard before,
Our isle securing from surprize,
Shall scarce defend her empire more
Than FREDERICK'S sword, or ANNA'S eyes.

HEAVEN

An ODE to the QUEEN. 105

HEAVEN now those blessings has bestow'd
Long to MARIA's beauties due;
And gives those kings its justice ow'd
To WILLIAM's bed, at last to you.

EACH son you boast, perhaps may reign
Where ENGLAND's power is now defy'd;
And with her looks each daughter gain
A foe, to fight on BRITAIN's side.

MORE triumphs to their heavenly charms,
Than her best troops our realm may owe;
And lawrels, fairer than her arms
Can hope to win, their eyes bestow.

WHILE these with your own glories shine,
And equal heights of virtue fly,
You may a mortal breath resign,
Withdraw from life—but cannot die.

THUS the lost sun we cease to grieve,
Which did the world with light adorn;
Since his great orb, that sets each eve,
Returns as fair to deck the morn.

YET from your bed, tho' heroes rise,
To rival each great parent's name,
We ask no more—so much we prize
Your sacred life beyond your fame.

HENCE,

106 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

HENCE, how ador'd, you may survey
In every loyal breast you live;
The kings you promise, scarce repay
BRITANNIA for the fears you give!

SEE with what joy, his glories heirs,
The royal father does approve!
And throws away the monarch's cares
T' indulge a-while a parent's love!

EMPIRE and triumph, crowns and state,
Are all forgot to view their bloom;
For which the world awhile must wait,
Till he resolves each nation's doom:

HIS voice they hear with pleas'd surprize,
Which still to glory points the way;
As fond the monarch to advise,
As they attentive to obey!

HIS own great acts his counsel aid,
To fame excite, to virtue fire;
While to those deeds his words persuade
His own example does inspire!

THUS the brave eagle cuts his way,
Touring a-cross the middle sky,
And does himself his wings display
Along those paths his young should fly!

By

An ODE to the QUEEN. 107

By some bold flight above the air,
Their high descent he bids them prove,
If with their fire they claim'd to bear
The thunders of avenging Jove.

His breast the triumphs entertain
Soon to become each victor's due;
What hearts LOUISA's eyes shall gain,
What empire WILLIAM's sword subdue?

To each he tells what noble cause
Gave the fifth HARRY his renown;
What gain'd ARGYLE his great applause,
RICHMOND his star, NASSAU his crown.

With names from ROMÉ and SPARTA brought
He does each ravish'd ear delight;
Their heroes prais'd, who bravely fought
For dying laws and injur'd right.

THE DECII fam'd, whose generous blood
From destin'd fate their country freed;
And BRUTUS' act—who nobly vow'd
A tyrant, tho' a king, should bleed!

GREAT WILLIAM's love he now reveals,
The patriot's worth, the warrior's fame;
And yet the glorious truth conceals,
That GEORGE and WILLIAM are the same.

108 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

ON the great BOYNE he bids them look,
(His stream to fame unknown before);
Which yet a fame and glory took
From EUROPE freed, and WILLIAM's gore:

THEN leads their eye, that plain to view,
To GALLIA still a dreaded name,
Where CHURCHILL's sword a shadow drew
O'er CÆSAR's acts, and CRESSY's fame:

EACH pious BRITON's valour blest,
(For ever fair their great renown)
Which gave to fainting EUROPE rest,
To ENGLAND peace, to them a crown.

FIR'D with RAMILLIA's glorious name,
And toils, to antient chiefs unknown:
Where, painting each great warrior's fame,
The ROYAL SIRE forgets his own.

THUS the great sun, where-e'er he goes
In kind profusion throws away,
Unconscious what his orb bestows,
Man's greatest blessings, light and day.

BIDS 'em no hostile terrors dread,
IBERIA's force, or AUSTRIA's pride,
While LUMLEY does his armies lead,
And COMPTON does his counsels guide;

WHILE

An ODE to the QUEEN. 109

WHILE WALPOLE's sage and learned voice,
While great NEWCASTLE shews the way,
How realms may make their bliss their choice,
Empires be free, and yet obey.

WHEN WILLIAM's wounds did BRITAIN's heal,
His bosom for her safety bleed,
Extolling DORSET's God-like zeal,
And SOMERSET's immortal deed ;

WHO nurs'd in paths of fair renown,
His courage equal to his fame,
Like CATO chose a tyrant's frown,
Before a great and guilty name.

BIDS them in pious KING behold,
(Severe, tho' upright each decree,)
Justice again her ballance hold,
Th' oppressor chain'd, the injur'd free!

THRICE happy race! how sure to tread
The ways of glory, thus inspir'd;
To fame, by such a parent led,
To virtue, by such patriots fir'd.

OH think not then our homage small,
If half our duty we deny;
For who (GREAT QUEEN) can pay you all
Who views your royal offspring nigh?

WHILE

110 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

WHILE these your princely virtues share,
Which fondly you to each impart,
Tho' lov'd by all, you yet must bear
A rival in each subject's heart.

OUR best allegiance oft we prove
When to one throne our faith we bind;
Here we divide our fondest love,
Refuse you part—and yet are KIND!

OUR isle, that gives your race a crown,
Views 'em by nobler gifts approv'd;
Who scorn with you the mean renown,
—By subjects fear'd, if not belov'd.

OTHERS to regal pomp aspire,
With lawless grandeur to oppress;
While you a greater fame desire,
To gain a wider sphere to bless!

YOUR soul unvaried by your fate,
Each virtue still as fair is seen,
As when you grac'd a private state,
Ere BRITAIN yet had call'd you QUEEN.

PLEAS'D on mankind your smiles to shower,
Your sovereign goodness would disclaim,
(More charm'd with mercy than with power)
A crown that only gave you fame.

THAT

An ODE to the QUEEN. 111

THAT diadem which binds your head,
That orb which does your brows confine,
Your fame perhaps may further spread,
Not make your virtues fairer shine!

To view your glories higher soar,
Which now a sacred reverence move,
We might with greater awe adore,
But not with stronger passion love!

WHOSE piety and fair renown,
Which in each graceful action lives,
Reflects a lustre on your crown,
Which that to other monarchs gives.

EMPIRE and freedom in our isle,
Now join'd by your indulgent sway,
Like the kind gods, you reconcile,
And make us love while we obey.

WITH them, diffusing from each throne
Each blessing on your smiling land,
You chuse with goodness, like their own,
To win each heart you might command.

How little to your former sway
Do your great titles then impart,
Since, without these, you found a way
To reign before in every heart?

YOUR

†

112 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

YOUR royal beams, tho' distant far,
Were by each eye with transport seen;
And CAROLINE's refulgent star,
Ador'd by all, ere yet a QUEEN.

So when her beauteous rays adorn,
With golden streaks, the eastern skies,
We turn and bless the opening morn,
Before we view the sun arise;

THO' hid beneath your orb, his face
No eye distinct can yet survey,
From each fair gilded cliff we trace,
Sure omens of a glorious day!

THUS your meridian fullest light,
From your auspicious dawn was known,
Long since presag'd the god-like height,
To which your virtue since has flown.

YOUR worthless gems with scorn are seen,
The meanest part of your renown;
For who that views the glorious QUEEN,
Can waste a look upon her crown?

YOUR gorgeous trifles then despise,
Which near those cheeks unheeded shine,
And give a flame to other eyes,
But borrow greater light from THINE!

YOUR

An ODE to the QUEEN. 113

YOUR glories from your self you draw;
Regardless of your crown and state,
Owing those gifts the world that awe,
More to your virtue, than your fate.

How great a homage from each heart
May your own fairest merits claim,
When ENGLAND'S crown can but impart
To her lov'd QUEEN a second fame!

To sooth the wretched mourner's pain,
Pour joy into the orphan's breast;
To loose the weeping captive's chain,
And calm the soul, with pangs distress,

ARE acts which shall transmit your name
For ever fair above the sky,
When all your gems shall lose their flame,
Your scepter rust, and beauties die!

As the quick stream when we survey,
(The image of your purer mind)
The waves before are chas'd away
By those that urge and press behind:

EACH after each we thus admire
The virtues in your soul that lie;
While from our sight the great retire,
Shadow'd by greater that are nigh.

YOUR

L

MEEKNESS

114 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

MEEKNESS with majesty is wrought,
With regal power, compassion join'd;
While still the subject's humble thought
Inspires the SOVEREIGN's royal mind.

CONCORD henceforth shall charm our isle,
Her sword no more rebellion stain,
But foes and factions reconcile
To bless each fav'rite monarch's reign.

By rage or error long betray'd,
With pain their former guilt they view;
By duty now and reason sway'd,
Relent, and own a crown their due.

RELIGION thanks your pious care,
In you, her surest guardian found,
Whose smile shall lift her from despair,
And raise her head, and heal her wound.

MORE bright the cherub, all would see
Her form and visage more divine,
If at her altars every knee
So often bow'd, (GREAT QUEEN) as thine!

THE sacred mitre round her head,
Once the rude scorn of every foe,
By you its beams shall wider spread,
And firmer stand, and fairer shew.

WHILE

An ODE to the QUEEN. 115

WHILE thus from heaven's avenging hand,
You wrest the bolt, which else had flown,
We owe the safety of the land,
Thus to the virtues of the throne.

By you our happy realms enjoy
Each blessing heaven's indulgence gave;
And what our guilt would else destroy,
Your piety alone does save.

SEE her learn'd sons fair Isis sends,
To own their king's auspicious reign;
Whilst to that throne each humbly bends,
'Twas once their error to disdain.

EACH cheek a pious tear o'erflows,
And rising sorrow fills each breast,
They should so long that love oppose,
Which strove so long to make them blest.

YOUR royal looks they now admire,
Which do to all a bliss impart;
The eye with softest joy inspire,
And drive its care from every heart.

UPON whose smiling brows they view
None of those clouds, which oft in vain,
Or falshood, or worse envy drew,
To shade the mercy of your reign.

116: *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

EACH pleasing feature which they trace,
The father or the friend does prove ;
Sweetness inspir'd with royal grace ;
And majesty made soft by love.

THE * ROMAN thus his crimes confess,
To raptures chang'd, his anger found,
And dy'd himself upon that breast,
His heart had once a thought to wound.

WHAT then can rob your future race,
Or of our smiles, or their renown,
When every hand consents to place
Upon your head the BRITISH crown?

WHILE they, with virtues like your own,
Our fate at once and fame sustain,
You build a fortress round the throne,
Each foe shall strive to shake in vain.

YET not your goodness nor renown,
Thee, MATCHLESS QUEEN, from death shall save!
The altar where you took your crown,
Guiding your eye to view your grave!

* M. ANTHONY, who had once resolv'd the death of
his beloved CLEOPATRA, upon a false suspicion of her
design to have betrayed him to CÆSAR.

WHERE

An ODE to the QUEEN. 1171

WHERE MARY, where ELIZA rest,
Where you, their virtues noblest heir,
Shall swell with sadness every breast,
O'erwhelm each heart with like despair.

WHAT then has greatness in its power,
What beauty thou, wherein to trust,
Or guard against that fearful hour,
Which turns the GREAT and FAIR to dust?

VIEW GEORGE's tomb, and see how small.
A spot earth's mighty kings must hold;
Tho' little, yet, in death, 'tis all
That fate allots the Good or Bold.

EVEN RICHMOND's charms shall once be clay,
Which now unrivall'd seem to shine,
Shall please no more which now display
A light and sweetness next to thine.

WHAT gives you then the softest rest,
As now to dust you gently glide,
Is the sad sighs you have suppress'd,
The pangs you eas'd, and tears you dry'd.

EACH virtue then shall arm your heart,
When death's approach you smiling find,
Shall take each terror from his dart,
And paint the destin'd arrow kind.

EACH

+

118 *An ODE to the QUEEN.*

EACH pious act you then shall bless,
Soaring along the heavenly way,
Where stars look dim, each planet less,
And BRITAIN'S crown without a ray.

THUS far from your indulgent eye,
Which does each mournful object chear,
The muse attempts her voice to try,
Which BRUNSWICK once has deign'd to hear.

ENOUGH of fame your poet gains,
Sadden'd with every anxious care,
If you attend his humble strains,
Tho' he in distant shades despair.



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The **TEMPLER'S** *Bill of Complaint to the*
Right Honourable the Lord High
Chancellor.

By J—— B—— *Esq;*

Et Spes & Ratio Studiorum.

Juv.

PLAINTS, unattempted yet in bill or count,
 Ope, heavenly muse! and, OCKHAM! thou thine ear,
 Thy gracious ear, still open to th' oppress'd,
 Th' insane, the widow'd, fatherless and poor,
 Vouchsafe indulgent, while thy suppliant shews
 How bound, advent'rous in pursuit of **FEE**,
 Days, nights, and terms and seasons he turmoil'd
 Thro' the rough realms of year-books and reports,
 (Dark, chearless regions!) till disasters dire
 Him fierce beleagur'd, and aloof detain'd
 Friends, viands, comfort—Ah! at complaints like these
 Of sheriff-myrmidons, or duns obdur'd,
 Who can from tears refrain? even thou who clos'st
 Death's dreadful sentence, by the name **JACK KETCH**
 Fann'd and abhorr'd, even thou, wilt gentle tear
 Let fall, and wonder at thy soft'ning heart.

Wig-

WIG-POWDERING JACOB, who each morn assails
 Chaps horrid with mustachies, dares not more
 Approach me, gaffred by the grizly fiends,
 That fore belay me; nor on morn or eve
 Makes SUSAN visitations; * SUSAN, skill'd
 To whirl a mop, and deck sleeps downy couch
 With art unequal'd, as CRUSEIS erst
 Grac'd AGAMEMNON'S. Nor in these alone
 Excell'd the peerless: She forth sparkling flint
 Could conjure VULCAN, and rebate the rage
 Of EURUS, noxious to quiescent scribe.
 Bereav'd, O SUSAN! of thy tender aid,
 Where now shall I repose me? how console
 Me thus bemeagred? Ah! how fall'n, how chang'd
 From what thou clasp'dst enamour'd, while on morns
 I clung extatick to thy roseat lips,
 Thy lips more fragrant than imperial tea,
 Or spice Arabian. Farewell, happy morns!
 Ye morns of dalliance! Now nor roseat lips,
 Nor blaze enlivening, nor amusive tea,
 (Tea, lov'd potation of the taleful fair!)
 Nor choc'late, strength'ner of the back and reins,
 Nor brain-composing coffee, on morns provoke
 Detractive tale, or amorous disport.
 But vile insipid, by the vulgar call'd
 Gruel, meet diet for lank-cheeked spleen,
 Me lonely sipping saddens, nor admits
 Or bloom encrimson'd, or fermenting vein.

* *The Laundress.*

of COMPLAINT. 121

BUT ah! when PHOEBUS baits at half-way house,
 And ringing gratulations chime aloud
 Meridian gain'd, straight hunger with the news
 Makes eager visitation, and disturbs
 Deep contemplations on th' important case
 Of JOHN OF STYLES. Oh! hunger! worst of duns
 From thee, nor lord's protection, *Dies non*,
 Nor borrow'd name, nor lodgings chang'd, nor park,
 Nor other place of privilege can save!
 What should I do? nor promises avail,
 Nor shield of patience, tho' by *Mulcibers*
 Celestial temper'd. Furious oft to calm
 Th' outrageous fiend, I plunge, but plunge in vain
 In pocket vacant, my officious hand;
 And sigh, and rave, and curse the tardy pace
 Of sluggish time; till temple-horn aloud,
 With blast heart-cheering, to repast forth calls
 The sable bands, from chambers, coffee-house,
 Where-e'er they commune, or on moot or quirk,
 Intrigues or favours. Rav'nous as the bird,
 Hight SCARE-CROW, darts at carrion; nor unlike,
 Wrapt in my tatter'd sables, forth I rush
 To TEMPLE-HALL; there eye with secret glee
 Clusters of rolls, brown bread, cheese, vinegar,
 And all the dreadful instruments of rage
 Esurient, knives and forks, and plates and spoons,
 And mugs of verdant hue, on either side
 Marshall'd in deep array. I take my post,
 And while GRACE-HERALD, with uplifted eyes,
 Cants orison preludeous, hark demure
 As ROMISH priest, while bloomy nymphs confess,

BUT

M

Heats,

122 *The* **TEMPLER'S BILL**

Heats, palpitations, longings, languishments,
 And dreams impure; nor yet or heaven or grace
 Engage me; but what havock I shall make,
 What cuts devour; with transport I foresee.
 BEAR-GARDEN hero thus with cut or tap
 Opiate of quarter-staff, in thought subdues
 Antagonist, while prologuing on high
 He wields, or club or back-sword, that portend
 Indented nose, ribs batter'd, gashes dire,
 And gushing gore: to BRITAIN's warlike sons
 Delightful prospects! Now with arms in hand,
 Nor less resolv'd than PELEUS' wrathful son,
 When fir'd with vengeance for his slaughter'd friend,
 He strode in arms terrific, and assail'd
 TROY's heav'n-doom'd towers! voracious down I plunge
 On jaw-devoted shoulder, leg, or rump,
 And gobbers wondrous to be seen, ingulf
 With gape enormous. But my fury soon
 Suspending, with intreative eyes, and all
 The rhetorick of looks, I crave a * flask
 Of venerable bencher. Ah! unmov'd
 As cramb'd divine beholds a lazar forth
 Extend his needy palm; he gorges on,
 Nor ought regards my looks. Forgive me, heaven!
 I fret, I lour, I imprecate in thought,
 And wreak my vengeance on the prostrate joint.

* It is usual with the benchers of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE
 to send wine to their acquaintance.

BUT soon the conflict o'er, nor yet the rage
Of hunger half repress'd, with head on arm
Reclin'd, in pensive mood I sit, and view
Exceedings serv'd, upheaving groans full deep,
As e'er forth issued from the plaintive mouth
Of suppliant wailing for his bill dismiss'd.
Thus ALEXANDER, fam'd for conquest, whilst
The world him sovereign own'd, sat down and sigh'd
For worlds unfound to vanquish, and with ken
Invidious ey'd the moon, and wish'd it near,
Thro' glorious thirst of slaughter and uproar.

AND gazing now on ruins, and the place,
Bleak desolated place! where steam'd the beef,
And incense sav'ry up my nostrils fum'd,
Full sad I rise, and take my saunt'ring roam
Thro' lanes, thro' courts, o'er pavements, flags and sands,
Uncertain, pond'ring, or with whom, or where
The fates, indulgent, might conduct my steps,
Of visit in pretence, to fill up chinks
With supplemental post-meridian tea.

BUT lo! detach'd on horrible emprise,
Two grizly proulers temple-ward incline
Their baleful progress. Fraught with ranc'rous guile,
Low growling stalk'd they, and around them fly
Roul'd their prey-seeking orbs. An elvish gloom
Their aspects o'er intern'd, and on their brows
Barbarity sat louring. On they strode,
A horrid pair! deep pond'ring in their souls
Hell-bred extortion, fees, and ambush foul.

HORRENT I spy'd the monsters, and back fled,
 All frighted and astoun'd, and cry'd out **CATCH-POLE!**
 The **TEMPLE** started at the hideous name,
 Thro' all her chambers, and forth windows back
 Resounded, **CATCH-POLE!** Swift I fled; more swift
 The fiends pursued, and forcible around
 Embrac'd me, all dismay'd, and heaving groans,
 Piteous enough to soften stubborn oak,
 Or flint, or ought but adamant heart
 Of ruthless dun, or his obdur'd compeer.
 And now——but lo! assemble to my aid
 Hosts numberless and dread. As wrathful Jove
 Avengeful thunders, and the louring heavens
 Burst into showers; then torrents black and foul
 Roar down the finks, and (dreadful to behold!)
 Sweep grinning cats and huge-tail'd rats along:
 Not with less rage now rush'd, from various parts,
 Clerks, footmen, shoe-boys, barbers, tritons, all
 The **TEMPLE** posse, and with mop-sticks, oars,
 Blocks, brushes, rulers, poker, brooms and tongs
 Enlarge the captive, and infuriate, pour
 Perdition on the monster. Trampled, drag'd,
 And o'er belabour'd with ten thousand stripes,
 O **CATCH-POLE!** **CATCH-POLE!** learn, ah! learn, no more
 With sole unhallow'd to prophane the **TEMPLE**.
 As **REYNARD**, that oft-times in ambush lurk'd
 For lamb excursive, and with tyrant heart,
 To **MALEPARDUS** drag'd the weanling prey,
 Snarls unavailing, while o'erpower'd by hosts
 Latrant, he falls: in vain the monster so

Belch'd

Belch'd dol'rous groans, which would, from human
mouth,

Move pity, but from his, obdurate rage.

And now his soul to hell's profoundest gulf,

With kindred DÆMONS had been hurl'd; but lo!

Revolving in his breast the dire effects

Of popular commotion and uproar,

Aloof the awful minister of peace

Hung forth his flag, whereon the fates inscribed

Their doom, who, riotous in wild hubbub,

Scare peace away. His aspect, port and wand,

(That wand somniferous, whose gentle tap

Stills clam'rous tongues, and charms ev'n rage to sleep)

Known well, and fear'd, obsequious to the sight,

With magick as enchanted, straight their wrath

Resign'd th' avengers, and desert the fray.

MEAN time aghast and pallid as a feme

Way faring in the dark, whom vengeful ghost

Of horned spouse revisits, swift, with eye

Retorted oft and circumspect, I rush

To chambers, and with double valves, and bolts,

And chairs and tables, barricade the door.

Alas! nor doors, nor chairs, nor bolts avail

'Gainst warrant of escape! Resistless scroll!

At sight of thee portcullices, and valves,

And windows ope spontaneous; garrets, nooks,

Cellars untold their entrails, and disgorge

Unkennell'd debtor. And now terrors grim,

And horrid as hell-furies, burst their way,

Thund'ring thro' shatter'd doors, and, vengeful, drag

126 *The* **TEMPLER'S BILL**

Me, bastinado'd, to black dungeon, 'clipt
 LIMBO, drear mansion of insolvents, where
 Groans wretchedness inchain'd, and, shudd'ring, wrapt
 In tatters noisom, stares, with eyes aghast,
 Her hideous train, self-writhing, wan and foul,
 Throat-parching thirst, paunch-gnawing hunger, cold
 Teeth-chattering, sleepless pangs, brain-racking shifts,
 Heart-broke repentance, and sigh-heaving spleen.
 Nor these among, outrageous, day and night
 Cease ministers of dolours, goblins fell,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than chaplain yet has feign'd, or nurse conceiv'd,
 CATCH-POLES and TURNKEYS, and ETCÆTERAS dire.

MIDST horrors here endungeon'd, and with groans,
 And the loud clank of irons peal'd, I pass
 The wailful gloom, contemplative and sad
 As horse or ass in penitential pound,
 For rent-arrear or trespass; and sometimes,
 Deep-sighing, ruminate his joys, who dwells
 In the third region of the TEMPLE, far
 From gloom and durance. Penal bonds or plaints
 Of debtor lacrymable ne'er disturb
 His morning slumbers; but when warbling shrill
 Of chimney-sweep, or triton, usher in
 The morn, he yawns, and indolent extends;
 Nor waking sighs, or sickens with the qualms
 Of conscience, nor the gods with pray'r molests:
 But amorous thought indulges, or reflects
 On COKE; or JOVE-like from above surveys
 The subject globe, streams, barges, houses, trees,

Chairs,

Chairs, carts and hackneys, serjeants, oyster-nymphs
Promiscuous mingle; or secure from palm
Retentive of fell CATCH-POLE, hurls aloof
Defiance, unappall'd, at ruthless dun:
Or billet-doux peruses, or disports
In labyrinths of pleading or record,
Delightful mazes! Or with formal band
And looks demure and studious, as perplex'd
With knotty points and queries, entertains
Fee-bearing client. But when matron NIGHT
Rook-like sits brooding on the streets, and wide
Out-spreads her rev'rend night-rail, he beneath
Begirt with sword, and spruce with powder'd bobb,
Or takes an act; or forth, advent'rous, roves
To consecrated haunts of vagrant nymphs
Devote to VENUS; or at WILL's or TOM's,
Or other nightly rendezvous, from nod
Oracular of politician, learns
The fate of EUROPE; or with social friend
Repairs to gill, or mug-house, and regales
On chop or stake, and nectarous draught of bubb.

O BUBB transpative! to the tuneful tribe,
Than spring PIERIAN, or cool purling brook
Of HELICON more grateful! thee unhail'd
The muse ought not to pass, who frequent soars
By thee uprais'd aerial, and presumes
Above the flight of poetastie wing.
O gracious! would'st thou deign thine aid and drench
My parched clarion, like MILTONIAN ape,
How would I now forth bellow in thy praise,

128. *The* TEMPLER'S BILL

With mouth loud-sounding, and earth-shaking strides!
 Vain invocation! far from pauper's ken,
 Incellar'd deep by froth-pot CERBERUS, nought,
 Save magick STERLING, can evoke thee thence.
 All-powerful STERLING! to thy SYREN chink
 Responsive, fugues AUSONIA; INDIA west
 And east waft delicacies remote; and forth,
 In gambols, from his watry realms upstarts
 LEVIATHAN; and (horrible to hear!)
 Hoarse rumbles poetaster. With thy love,
 Smit with thy sacred love, how oft in vain
 Sat I expectant, where the law-learn'd plead
 EXCHEQUER, CHANCERY, or the ROLLS! but chief
 Thee, KING'S-BENCH! and thy * crickets oft on morns
 I visited with note-book, and intent
 Beheld the coifed venerables shake
 Their awful wigs full-bottom'd, and contract
 Their fateful brows in labour, or of quirk,
 Or nice distinction, till gut-wambling noon
 Advis'd adjournment, and refection meet.
 Thus appetite with noon, and with the year
 The terms return, but not to me return
 Fee, or the grave approach of bill or brief,
 Solicitor, attorney, client, friend;
 But grates instead, and ever-gripping want,
 And all want's offspring, (hideous even to name!
 Ah! how more hideous to be felt!) surround
 Me thus enduranc'd from the joys of life.

* Seats for students in court.

Nor these against, or statute, or the law,
Yclipt the common, remedy prescribes.

To you, then lowly, these my plaints be made,
To you, benevolent as grace, who pour
Indulgence on disastrous wit, and, pleas'd
With tenderness paternal, stretch your hand
Promotive forth to learning, and, humane,
Sooth anguish undeserv'd; on suppliant thus,
Within, without, on every side assail'd,
Cast eye redressive, and vouchsafe relief,
Such, gracious, as your wisdom meet shall judge,
And your complainant shall unwearied pray.



THE

Nor



THE PROGRESS of POETRY.

*Vitis ut arboribus decori est; ut vitibus uva;
Ut gregibus tauri; segetes ut pinguibus arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis.*

VIRG.

UNEQUAL, how shall I the search begin,
Or paint with artless hand the awful scene?
Thro' paths divine with steps advent'rous tread,
And trace the muses to their fountain head?

Ye sacred nine, your mighty aid impart,
Assist my numbers, and enlarge my heart!
Direct my lyre, and tune each trembling string,
While POETRY'S exalted charms I sing;
How, free as air, her strains spontaneous move,
Kindle to rage, or melt the soul to love:
How her first emanations dawn'd, disclose;
And where, great source of verse! bright PHOEBUS first
arose.

WHERE nature warmth and genius has deny'd,
In vain are art's stiff languid powers apply'd.

Unforc'd

Unforc'd the muses smile, above controul:
No art can tune the inharmonious soul.
Some rules, 'tis true, unerring, you may cull,
And void of life, be regularly dull:
Correctly flat may flow each studied rhyme,
And each low period indolently chime.
A common ear perhaps, or vulgar heart,
Such lays may please, the labour'd work of art!
Far other strains delight the polish'd mind,
The ear well judging, and the taste refin'd.
To blend in heavenly numbers ease and fire,
An ADDISON will ask, a POPE require:
Genius alone can force, like theirs, bestow,
As stars, unconscious of their brightness, glow.

HAIL GREECE! from whence the spark ethereal came,
That wide o'er earth diffus'd its sacred flame,
There the first laurel form'd a deathless shade,
And sprung immortal for thy HOMER's head.
There the great bard the rising wonder wrought,
And plan'd the ILLIAD in his boundless thought;
By no mean steps to full perfection grew,
But burst at once refulgent to the view.
Who can unmov'd the warm description read,
Where the wing'd shaft repells the bounding steed?
Where the torn spoils of the rapacious war,
With shocking pomp adorn the victor's car!
When from some hostile arm dismiss'd, the reed
On the mark'd foe directs its thirsty speed,
Such strength, such action, strikes our eager sight,
We view and shudder at its fatal flight;

We

132 *The* PROGRESS of POETRY.

We hear the straighten'd yew recoiling start,
And see thro' air glide swift the whizzing dart.
When higher themes a bolder strain demand,
Life waits the poet's animating hand:
There, where majestic to the sanguin'd field
Stern AJAX stalks behind his sevenfold shield;
Or where, in polish'd arms severely bright,
PELIDES dreadful rushes to the fight;
With martial ardor breathes each kindling page
The direful havock and unbounded rage,
The clash of arms tumultuous from afar,
And all that fires the hero's soul to war!

BOLD PINDAR next, with matchless force and fire,
Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding lyre,
Unbound by rule, he urg'd each vigorous lay,
And gave his mighty genius room to play:
The grecian games employ his daring strings,
In numbers rapid as the race he sings.

MARK, muse, the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where SAPPHO tun'd her melting voice to love,
While ECCHO each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining LESBIAN mourn'd.

WITH roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
ANACREON next the sprightly lyre essay'd;
In light fantastick measures beat the ground;
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around.
No care, no thought, the tuneful trifler knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

BEHOLD

The PROGRESS of POETRY. 133

BEHOLD the soil, where smooth CLITUMNUS glides,
And rolls thro' smiling fields his ductile tides;
Where swoln ERIBANUS in state proceeds,
And tardy MINCIO wanders thro' the meads;
Where breathing flowers ambrosial sweets distill,
And the soft air with balmy fragrance fill.
O ITALY! tho' joyful plenty reigns,
And nature laughs amid thy bloomy plains;
Tho' all thy shades, poetick warmth inspire,
Tune the rapt soul, and fan the sacred fire;
Those plains and shades shall reach th' appointed date,
And all their fading honours yield to fate:
Thy wide renown and ever-blooming fame
Stand on the basis of a nobler claim;
In thee his harp immortal VIRGIL strung,
Of shepherds, flocks, and mighty heroes sung.

SEE HORACE shaded by the lyrick wreath,
Where every grace and all the muses breathe;
Where courtly ease adorns each happy line,
And PINDAR's fire, and SAPPHO's softness join.
Politely wise, with calm well-govern'd rage,
He lash'd the reigning follies of the age;
With wit, not spleen, indulgently severe,
To reach the heart he charm'd the list'ning ear.
When soothing themes each milder note employ,
Each milder note swells soft to love and joy;
Smooth as the fame-presaging * doves that spread
Prophetick wreaths around his infant head.

Vide HOR. lib. 3. ode 4.

Y R

134 *The* PROGRESS of POETRY.

YE num'rous bards unsung, (whose various lays
A genius equal to your own should praise)
Forgive the muse, who feels an inbred flame
Resistless, to exalt her country's fame;
A foreign clime she leaves——and turns her eyes,
Where her own BRITAIN's fav'rite tow'rs arise;
Where THAMES rolls deep his plenteous tides around,
His banks with thick ascending turrets crown'd,
Yet not these scenes th' impartial muse could boast
Were liberty, thy great distinction, lost.
BRITANNIA, hail! o'er whose luxuriant plain,
For the free native waves the rip'ning grain:
'Twas sacred liberty's celestial smile,
First lur'd the muses to thy gen'rous isle;
'Twas liberty bestow'd the power to sing,
And bid the verse-rewarding lawrel spring.

HERE CHAUCER first his comic vein display'd,
And merry tales in homely guise convey'd;
Unpolish'd beauties grac'd the artless song,
Tho' rude the diction, yet the sense was strong.

To smoother strains chastising tuneless prose,
In plain magnificence great SPENCER rose:
In forms distinct, in each creating line,
The virtues, vices, and the passions shine:
Subservient nature aids the poet's rage,
And with herself inspires each nervous page.

EXALTED SHAKESPEARE, with a boundless mind,
Rang'd far and wide; a genius unconfin'd!

The

The passions sway'd, and captive led the heart,
Without the critick's rules, or aid of art:
So some fair clime, by smiling PHŒBUS blest,
And in a thousand charms by nature drest,
Where limpid streams in wild MÆANDERS flow,
And on the mountains tow'ring forests grow,
With lovely landskips lures the ravish'd sight,
While each new scene supplies a new delight:
No industry of man, no needless toil,
Can mend the rich uncultivated soil.

WHILE COWLEY's lays with sprightly vigour move,
Around him wait the gods of verse and love;
So quick the crowding images arise,
The bright variety distracts her eyes;
Each sparkling line, where fire with fancy flows,
The rich profusion of his genius shows.

TO WALLER next, my wond'ring view I bend,
Gentle, as flakes of feather'd snow descend:
Not the same snow, its silent journey done,
More radiant glitters in the rising sun.
O happy nymph! who could those lays demand,
And claim the care of this immortal hand:
In vain might age thy heavenly form invade,
And o'er thy beauties cast an envious shade;
WALLER the place of youth and bloom supplies,
And gives exhaustless lustre to thy eyes;
Each muse assisting rifles every grace,
To paint the wonders of thy matchless face.

Thus

136 *The* PROGRESS of POETRY.

Thus when at GREECE, divine APPELLES strove
To give to earth the radiant queen of love,
From each bright nymph some dazling charm he took,
This fair one's lips, another's lovely look;
Each beauty pleas'd, a smile, or air bestows,
Till all the goddess from the canvass rose.

IMMORTAL MILTON, hail! whose lofty strain
With conscious strength does vulgar themes disdain;
Sublime ascended thy superior soul,
Where neither light'nings flash, nor thunders roll;
Where other suns drink deep th' eternal ray,
And thence to other worlds transmit the day;
Where high in ÆTHER countless planets move,
And various moons, attendant, round them rove.
O bear me to those soft delightful scenes,
Where shades far-spreading boast immortal greens,
Where paradise unfolds her fragrant flowers,
Her sweets unfading, and celestial bowers;
Where ZEPHYR breathes amid the blooming wild,
Gentle as nature's infant beauty smil'd;
Where gaily reigns one ever-laughing spring;
EDEN's delights! which thou alone couldst sing.
Yet not these scenes could bound his daring flight;
Born to the task, he rose a nobler height.
While o'er the lyre his hallow'd fingers fly,
Each wond'rous touch awakens raptures high.
Those glorious seats he boldly durst explore,
Where faith alone, till then, had power to soar.

SMOOTH

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The PROGRESS of POETRY. 137

SMOOTH glide thy waves, O THAMES, while I
rehearse

* The name that taught thee first to flow in verse;
Let sacred silence hush thy grateful tides,
The osier cease to tremble on thy sides;
Let thy calm waters gently steal along,
DENHAM this homage claims, while he inspires my
song.

Far as thy billows roll, dispers'd away
To distant climes, the honour'd name convey:
Not XANTHUS can a nobler glory boast,
In whose rich stream a thousand floods are lost.

THE strong, the soft, the moving, and the sweet,
In artful DRYDEN's various numbers meet;
Aw'd by his lays, each rival bard retir'd:
So fades the moon, pale, lifeless, unadmir'd,
When the bright sun bursts glorious on the sight,
With radiant lustre and a flood of light.

THE comic muse, with lively humour gay,
In CONGREVE's strains does all her charms display.
She rallies each absurd impertinence,
And without labour laughs us into sense.
The follies of mankind she sets to view
In scenes still pleasing, and for ever new.

SURE heav'n, that destin'd WILLIAM to be great,
The mighty bulwark of the BRITISH state,

* Sir JOHN DENHAM's Cooper's-Hill.

N

The

138 *The PROGRESS of POETRY.*

The scourge of tyrants, guardian of the law,
Bestow'd a GARTH, designing a NASSAU.

WIT, ease, and life, in PRIOR blended flow,
Polite as GRANVILLE, soft as moving ROWE;
GRANVILLE, whose lays unnumber'd charms adorn,
Serene and sprightly as the op'ning morn':
ROWE, who the spring of every passion knew,
And from our eyes call'd forth the kindly dew:
Still shall his gentle muse our souls command,
And our warm'd hearts confess his skilful hand.
Be this the least of his superior fame,
Whose happy genius caught great LUCAN's flame,
Where noble POMPEY dauntless meets his doom,
And each free strain breaths LIBERTY and ROME.

O ADDISON, lamented, wond'rous bard!
The god-like hero's great, his best reward:
Not all the lawrels reapt on BLENHEIM's plains
A fame can give like thy immortal * strains.
While CATO dictates in thy awful lines,
CÆSAR himself with second lustre shines:
As our rais'd souls the great distress pursue,
Triumphs and crowns still lessen in our view:
We trace the victor with disdainful eyes,
And all, that made a CATO bleed, despise.

THE bold pindarick and soft lyrick muse,
Breath'd all her energy in tuneful HUGHES!

* *The Campaign.*

Musick

Musick herself did on his lines bestow
 The polish'd lustre, and enchanting flow!
 His sweet cantata's and melodious song
 Shall ever warble on the skilful tongue!
 When nobler themes a loftier strain require,
 His bosom glow'd with more than mortal fire!
 Not * ORPHEUS' self could in sublimer lays
 Have sung th' omnipotent CREATOR's praise.
 DAMASCUS' moving fate, display'd to view,
 From ev'ry eye the ready tribute drew:
 Th' attentive ear, the bright † EUDOCIA charms,
 And with the gen'rous love of virtue warms;
 She seems above the ills, she greatly bears,
 While ‡ PHOCYAS' woes command our gushing tears.
 † ABUDAH shines a pattern to mankind;
 In him the hero and the man are join'd!

HIGH on the radiant list, see! POPE appears,
 With all the fire of youth and strength of years:
 Where-e'er supreme he points the nervous line,
 Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
 How just the turns! how regular the draught!
 How smooth the language! how refin'd the thought!

* See Mr. HUGHES's ode, entitled, An ODE to the
 CREATOR of the world: Occasion'd by the fragments
 of ORPHEUS.

††† Characters in his tragedy, entitled, The SIEGE
 of DAMASCUS.

140 *The* PROGRESS of POETRY.

Secure beneath the shade of early bays,
He dar'd the thunder of great HOMER's lays;
A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,
And HOMER in his genius stands confest:
To heights sublime he rais'd the pond'rous lyre,
And our cold isle grew warm with GRECIAN fire!

FAIN would I now th' excelling bard reveal,
And point the seat where all the muses dwell,
Where PHOEBUS has his warmest smiles bestow'd,
And who most labours with th' inspiring god:
But while I strive to fix the ray divine,
And round that head the lawrel'd triumph twine,
Unnumber'd bards distract my dazzled sight,
And my first choice grows faint with rival light.
So the white road that streaks the cloudless skies,
When silver CYNTHIA's temp'rate beams arise,
Thick set with stars o'er our admiring heads
One undistinguish'd streamy twilight spreads;
Pleas'd, we behold, from heaven's unbounded height,
A thousand orbs pour forth promiscuous light:
While all around, the spangled lustre flows,
In vain we strive to mark which brightest glows;
From each the same enlivening splendors fly,
And the diffusive glory charms the eye.

To



To the ingenious Lady, Author of the POEM
entitled, The PROGRESS of POETRY.

LONG has the praise of woman been my theme;
What moves our love, shou'd merit our esteem:
But now, behold! fresh scenes of wonder rise,
Engage each heart, and pleasingly surprize.

FIR'D by the strokes of thy inspiring art,
How shall the muse such various charms impart?
Lend me thy flowing thought, and genius free;
For sure, no muse; but thine, can copy thee:—
A female softness all thy lines dispense,
Yet each with strength abounds, and manly sense:
What melting warmth adorns thy rising song!
How deeply clear! and how serenely strong!

THY characters so just! 'tis hard to say,
Who was the skilful painter, you or they;
Such judgment in thy noble choice appears,
As fame shall echo thro' revolving years:
If HUGHES and POPE had labour'd both to show,
How much to *British* bards the world does owe,
They cou'd not have display'd their boundless praise
In strains more strong than thy immortal lays.
Trac'd in your verse, with charms for ever new,
Whilst we the muse's *shining path* pursue,
Her brightest genius we behold in you,

}

But

BUT why, O! why, didst thou conceal the name,
 From whence this object of our wonder came?
 Was it to still the noisy voice of fame?

If so; in vain, bright nymph, in vain you try
 To hide such glory from the piercing eye:
 The mimic shades thy dazzling worth betray,
 Which bursts upon us in a flood of day.
 So when the sun lies hid behind a cloud,
 How sad, how heavy looks the gazing crowd!
 Yet soon his beams, with nobler vigour hurl'd,
 Break thro' the gloom, and cheer the drooping world.
 Such signal worth, how modest to disown!
 Yet by that modesty it brighter shone. —
 No longer then the writer's name conceal,
 For his own rays the god of wit reveal.

With what pathetick * grief we heard thee mourn
 At HUGHES's humble, tho' distinguish'd urn!
 Touch'd by thy hand, the ready tears still flow,
 And my soft soul melts at another's woe —
 Affecting objects gen'rous tempers move,
 As absent lovers weep at tales of love.

HAIL, glory of thy sex! let others tell
 How you the brightest of that sex excel:
 Unequal, see, the trembling muse retires,
 And leaves that task to more exalted lyres.

* Alluding to a Copy of Verses, writ by the same Lady,
 to the Memory of Mr. HUGHES — Printed in this Mis-
 cellany, p. 21.

Enough

Enough for me, that beauty's winning smile
 Attracts the muses to our gen'rous isle.
 By them adorn'd, BRITANNIA's boasted fair
 At once delight the eye, and charm the ear:
 Whene'er they sing, what pleasing raptures move
 The rudest breast to harmony, and love!
 When with soft touch they strike the warbling lyre,
 What passions languish, and what sounds inspire!
 Warm'd by their musick, we confess their pow'r;
 More conscious of their worth, we love the more,
 And the dear charmer next to heav'n adore.

WIT's sprightly wreaths their blooming temples grace,
 The brightest mind suits best the fairest face——
 A native sweetness in their thoughts we see,
 Gay as the spring, and elegantly free:
 Their sentiments (how just! yet how refin'd!)
 By art and nature captivate the mind.
 With what politeness all their writings shine;
 What gen'rous spirit glows in every line;
 An easy vigour, and a warmth divine!
 What tender turns their soft'ning souls impart,
 And move the passions but to mend the heart!

WHILE ENGLISH SAPPHO's in such lofty strains
 Awake the lyre, and charm the list'ning swains;
 Let all the sons of PHOEBUS join their praise,
 And to the female bard resign the bays.

HENCEFORTH, ye women-haters, cease to rail;
 O'er stand'rous tongues let MIRA's worth prevail:
 'Tis now by all confess'd, that woman's mind
 For high attempts indulgent heav'n design'd.

How

How boldly BOADICEA rous'd the plain!
 What just applause did wife ELISA gain!
 What triumphs grac'd great ANN's distinguish'd reign!
 Ev'n now, while GEORGE retires to foreign * shores,
 And CAROLINE her absent lord deplores;
 Three nations bless her mild auspicious sway,
 With smiles she rules, with pleasure we obey.

VAIN beauty, boast no more thy fading charms;
 A nobler flame the lover's bosom warms:
 Thy vanquish'd smile a fainter lustre shows,
 While female wit in softest numbers flows,
 And with immortal charms divinely glows:
 Our love, no longer to the face confin'd,
 Does now obey the beauties of the mind.
 So shines the moon, amidst the shades of night,
 While wand'ring travellers admire her light:
 But when the sun's unrival'd glories rise,
 And scatter day along th' awaken'd skies;
 Her fading beams with conscious shame decay,
 Sicken at his approach, and die away.

* Aug. 1729.



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A Pastoral ODE.

I.

ON thy fair banks, O MEDWAY, long
 A youth his sheep had fed;
 On thy fair banks, his future care,
 The tender lambkins stray'd:
 Happy, had fate detain'd at home
 The simple youth, too fond to roam.

II.

HAPPY alas! till, curious, late
 He listen'd to the tale,
 Near TUNBRIDGE salutary springs
 What beauties grace the vale.
 Beauties! that make the barren soil
 And craggy rocks of TUNBRIDGE smile!

III.

HE came, and CELIA's dangerous charms
 Perus'd with eager gaze.
 So round a torch's glimm'ring light,
 Some fly, ill-fated, plays.
 Like that he gaz'd, and in his turn,
 So saw them shine, and felt 'em burn.

O

IV. Th'

IV.

TH' unhappy youth with love undone,
 By late experience found
 That CELIA'S scorn deny'd the cure,
 Whose eyes had giv'n the wound;
 Helpless, and hopeless, pin'd away
 In tears by night, and sighs by day.

V.

By COLLIN'S fate be warn'd, to view
 The fair with cautious eyes;
 This place is CUPID'S empire's seat,
 Then who can shun surprize?
 Where few can hope, and all must fear;
 Where KINGSLEY, MEAD, and BIRD, appear.



The



The Bridge of LIFE.

*An Allegorical POEM, in Imitation of
the 15th Spectator.*

UNhappy state of all things here below,
For moments joys, o'erspread with years of
woe:

Short is the time that life is to endure,
For that short time uncertain, insecure.
The gayest, best-compacted piece of earth,
A fair delusion, and an ill-starr'd birth:
Propitious winds, with their bewitching gales,
Blow on the poop, and fill the canvass sails:
The kindly sun engenders high desires,
Young hopes, brisk joys, ambition's raging fires:
Nor long the gloomy ruin lags behind;
Low'ring the sky, tempestuous grows the wind;
And, split on rocks, or by the surges tost,
The pompous vision to the sight is lost.

BUT grant our day of life should see no night,
But every hour be mark'd with streaks of white;
What can a seventy years duration give,
To bribe a prudent man's consent to live?

Not so our father's life, a giant's span,
 Thro' the long course of thousand winters ran;
 An EASTERN sage (to make the thesis clear,
 An EASTERN sage) does the same thing aver.

*Plain is my song, but wond'rous truth affords;
 And truth is ever best in plainest words.*

Thro' a deep vale an headlong torrent roars,
 Winding its course, and eats its oozy shores.
 A thousand eddies curl its ancient head,
 By many tributary fountains fed:
 The vale far-stretch'd, a dreary waste appears,
 Where misery resides and baleful cares,
 And bounds the tides of ever-rolling years.
 On either end oppose the spreading sight,
 Impervious clouds, and ever-during night:
 The middle void, betwixt each cloud, displays
 The calculations of accomplish'd days;
 And long successive dates (that yet unknown)
 Shall wing the hours as they come hasty on,
 'Till father SATURN, with creating cloy'd,
 His own unhappy issue has destroy'd.

HIGH midst the flood, and founded on the sands,
 The BRIDGE OF LIFE (an antient fabrick) stands.
 Now ruinous; yet do its ruins well
 The wondrous skill of the contriver tell.
 Of old (tradition says) the structure stood,
 Rais'd on a thousand arches in the flood;
 Long, by th' insinuating current worn,
 Beat on by rains, and by rude tempests torn;

Till

Till fed by copious streams the deluge grew,
And stocks and gath'ring rubbish with it drew,
And in its rapid course the fabrick overthrew:
Yet part surviv'd the stream's destructive ire,
An hundred arches, seventy left intire.
Above the BRIDGE unequal sky is seen,
Cloudy and clear, tempestuous and serene:
Here swift infection strikes her killing airs,
Freeze the young blood, and nourish gloomy cares.
Low in the floor insidious ruin lies,
Pit-falls, and doors, conceal'd from human eyes:
The wretch unwary trusts the treach'rous way,
Plum'd with big hopes, and sporting in the day,
Pursues the wanton chace of vain delight
Treads in the gin, and plunges into night:
Easy the fall, but up again to climb
He strives in vain, sunk in the flood of time.

At either end the traps are thickest strow'd,
Above them sleeps supine a gloomy cloud:
Crowds of all ages thro' the passage throng,
The full-grown man, the feeble, old, and young:
Each keeps his path, led on by different views,
Forms shadows to himself, and form'd pursues;
One to prolong the way, and sooth his care,
Gapes at a flight of bubbles in the air:
But in the midst, and fix'd upon the sport,
A trap-door falls, and cuts his travels short.
In this (a common error) all agree
Their journey's final end to dread and flee:

150 *The Bridge of LIFE.*

The hoary dotard, whom his icy veins
 Pinch'd with new aches, and continu'd pains,
 Yet under darkness, penury, and chains,
 Puts forth his feet, not strong enough to go,
 Beyond all sense of joy, yet hugs his woe,
 And shuns the door, that would at once convey
 To lasting bliss and never-ending day.
 Mix'd in the ground mishapen monsters rove,
 Here open hate, there well-dissembled love,
 Horrid to sight, and all their arts imploy,
 Arm'd against LIFE, commission'd to destroy.
 Here catching plague, there meager famine stares,
 And bloody war with all its train appears,
 Of fury, fell design and winged fears:
 From these no state nor sex exemption have,
 All fall alike, the coward and the brave,
 Nor wealth, nor power, nor piety can save.
 Flocks of ill-omen'd fowls their fancies fright,
 Crows, harpies, vultures, and the bird of night,
 And numerous other forms their passions hide,
 Revenge, ambition, avarice, and pride:
 Love too, that fiend! an angel once, his darts
 Implies, and sheds his poison on their hearts,
 And bound in silken chains, his pris'ners drives
 On horrid rapes, on halters, swords and knives;
 Ev'n infancy, that cherub, 's not secure,
 But suffers most, least able to indure;
 Most apt for wrongs, when most unapt for arms,
 Most harmless it, yet most expos'd to harms.
 Here smiling innocence departed lies;
 Here the young hope of a whole city dies:

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DAMON *and* THYSBE. 151

Haply had better stars their influence shed,
Or shone auspicious on thy infant-head,
Thou might'st have liv'd to bless thy parents pray'rs,
And recompence their long paternal cares;
Vain now their prayers, in vain with weeping eyes
They bid thee live! stern destiny denies.



DAMON *and* THYSBE.

I.

T WAS dead of night when DAMON lay
Inviting soft repose in vain:
DAMON a youth who well deserv'd
A milder fate, a nobler fame.
Tormenting thoughts debarr'd approaching rest;
Unclos'd his eyes, and all his soul oppress.

II.

COME, gentle sleep; by thee alone,
The tortur'd wretch relieves his care:
Come, gentle sleep; 'tis only thou
Canst soften grief, and sooth despair.
In thee dissolv'd could I for ever lie;
My tears would cease, my vanquish'd sorrows dye.

III.

WHILE thus he mourn'd, the gath'ring clouds
 In dusky wreaths assemble round;
 And hov'ring black, with horrid gloom
 Darken the air, and shade the ground:
 In dreadful silence every murmur dies;
 The waves no longer roar, nor winds arise,

IV.

BUT soon a sudden flash succeeds
 Of glimm'ring, pale, unusual light;
 Less faint the rays a waning moon
 Throws o'er the fable verge of night.
 Trembling, the youth confess'd an awful fear;
 And rightly thought some heav'nly vision near.

V.

DOWN from the parting wall he views
 A radiant cloud, descending slow;
 With silver brightness gaily edg'd,
 And ting'd with purple streaks below:
 On which the pensive ghost of THYSBE came,
 Alter'd how much! and yet how much the same!

VI.

HER face had lost its rosy bloom;
 'Twas pale, but still divinely fair:
 And down her shoulders waving flew
 In artless curls her loosen'd hair.

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DAMON *and* THYSBE. 153

Her snowy hand seem'd negligently plac'd
To keep the fluttering garment round her waist.

VII.

STEDFAST she fix'd her languid eyes
On the transported, shuddering swain:
Once more, my dearest DAMON, see,
Uncall'd I come to share your pain:
Tho' now, alas! you view an airy ghost,
To all the joys of meeting lovers lost.

VIII.

OH hapless maid! can you return,
(At length he mournfully reply'd)
Can you return from endless joy,
To me, on whose account you dy'd?
Is not your passion (greatly injur'd shade!)
Ended in death, nor in the grave decay'd?

IX.

YET why, unhappy THYSBE! why
Did you forsake the world so soon?
Why disappoint by one dire blow
Our dear untasted joys to come?
Tho' my hard parents unrelenting prov'd,
Still you had charms, and I for ever lov'd.

X. WHEN

X.

WHEN last we met, (oh painful thought !
 Manhood, forgive the falling tear,)
 'Twas midnight then, and by the moon
 You seem'd what now you really are:
 An equal palepess shew'd your mournful face,
 And those lov'd eyes the same diminish'd rays.

XI.

WITNESS, ye gods! how faint were words
 To speak my agonizing pain,
 When, cheek to cheek, you sighing said,
 We never more shall meet again!
 Choak'd with my grief, imperfect accents hung
 In feeble murmurs on my fal'tring tongue.

XII.

BUT when the moving silence broke,
 (Witness, ye powerful gods, once more)
 With how much warmth and earnest love,
 Repeated solemn oaths I swore,
 That tho' compell'd to sail the ocean wide,
 No time nor chance should our fond hearts divide.

XIII.

WE parted——Oh, my wounded soul
 Can ne'er forget that moment, sure:
 Pierc'd with the sharpest stings of grief,
 What greater pangs can it endure!

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Oh! may afflicted lovers never know
So hard a fate, or such distinguish'd woe.

XIV.

IN vain (she sadly thus return'd)
In vain you chear'd my anxious mind;
Your presence only could have staid
The fatal purpose there design'd:
This, DAMON, this your cruel parents knew,
And 'twas to end my days they banish'd you.

XV.

COME, friendly death, conclude my woes,
I said, and then the poniard took;
Love in my bleeding heart still reign'd,
Despairing sadness in my look:
Oh! much lov'd DAMON! was my latest cry,
For you I liv'd, and, lo, for you I dye!

XVI.

She paus'd——but from her lilly hand
Releas'd her flowing robes around;
The waving folds redundant fell,
And bar'd the horrid gaping wound:
Struck to the soul, confounded and amaz'd,
With looks aghast, the youth attentive gaz'd.

XVII. THE

XVII.

TILL, mov'd by turns with grief and rage,
 At last he thus distracted cries,
 No force shall ever part us more,
 And by this sword my anguish dies!
 Deep in his heart the point a passage made,
 And with sad THYSE flew his murmuring shade.



A PARAPHRASE on the SEVENTY-THIRD
 P S A L M.

SHOULD the blue lightning rend the cleaving sky,
 From pole to pole with horrid swiftness fly,
 And the loud thunders, with impetuous roar,
 Frighten the eastern and the western shore :
 Should sultry heats infect the ambient air,
 Crack the scorch'd earth, and leave her centre bare;
 Or should the waters to a deluge rise,
 O'er the proud hills, and mingle with the skies :
 The stars their long accusom'd courses change,
 And thro' unknown, unbeaten orbits range:
 Should chaos wild resume her antient place,
 And harmony and beauteous order cease,
 Yet the believer's God is still the same,
 Just to his care, and jealous of his name :

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Who, with a pow'rful and far-stretching arm,
Preserves his fav'rite from th' impending harm,
The lightnings harmless play around his head,
Tho' millions on each hand are smitten dead;
If storms arise, he stems the raging flood,
And over-rules the threatening ill for good,
Still is his ear attentive to his cry,
And still he views him with a lover's eye.

AND yet so stupid I, so void of sense,
Till this refreshing truth did me convince;
Against thy righteous judgments to complain,
As if blind fate, and not a God, did reign.
Tumultuous sorrows rack'd my throbbing breast,
And meagre envy robb'd me of my rest,
When fools have pass'd in glitt'ring raiment by,
And men profane have been exalted high.

AND oh! how oft has the returning cause,
Awak'd my envy, and renew'd my woes!
For fools are every where with plenty blest,
Adorn'd with honours, and by friends caress'd;
And impious men, in every sin compleat,
Engross all wealth, and mount the judgment-seat.
Riches from others fly with winged haste,
Or else by slow degrees continual waste;
But in their habitations love to dwell,
And from a mole-hill to a mountain swell:
Their tables groan beneath their loaded weight,
Pure flows the wine, their bread the finest wheat:
Luxuriant health constant attends their days,
Brightens their eyes, and burnishes their face,

Nor

158. A PARAPHRASE

Nor plagues, nor poverty, nor anxious cares,
 Which prey on others hearts, e'er visit theirs:
 Jovial their youth, their old age strong and hale,
 Till like a ripen'd shock of wheat they fall
 Into the grave in undisturbed peace,
 And to their offspring leave this vast increase.
 Vultures the carnage follow, flies the fun:
 So flatt'ring parasites in clusters run
 To crowd the levee, and adorn the state
 Of him, on whom blind MAMMON's favours wait:
 Servile they catch each smile, and praise each word,
 And wise as SALEM's king is every wealthy lord.
 This the vain creature with vain thoughts inspires,
 Bloats him with pride, and with ambition fires:
 Ensigns of pow'r by which the world is aw'd,
 He grasps by violence, or steals by fraud:
 A law unto himself, without restraint,
 Nor scar'd by threats, nor mov'd by just complaint;
 The widow and the fatherless destroys,
 Their tears his mirth, their miseries his joys,
 Conscience and law he ridicules as vain,
 Nor does his tongue from blasphemy refrain,
 " And is there knowledge with the God on high,
 " Then let th' Almighty Thund'rer of the sky,
 " Now vindicate his wrongs, and let his lightnings fly. }
 Yet is he spar'd, his violence prevails,
 And down the stream of bliss he glides with prosp'rous
 gales.
 Misgiving thoughts perplex'd my troubled mind,
 Rich fools and prosperous villains still to find.

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" In vain, said I, I've kept my heart in vain,
 " In vain my hands are pure from ev'ry stain;
 " My heart sincere, my spotless innocence
 " Against invading ills are no defence:
 " Pains waste my nights, and anxious cares my days,
 " Corroding grief upon my spirits preys:
 " Empty my store-house, barren is my field,
 " No milk my kine, no wool my lambkins yield."
 But whilst such thoughts my aching heart possess,
 Tasteless my meals, and broken was my rest:
 For should I e'er to speak these things pretend,
 Against thy sons, O God, I should offend.
 I therefore strove the secret to disclose,
 Why these are happy, and why wretched those;
 But search'd in vain, till I apply'd to thee,
 (Such knowledge is too wonderful for me:)
 But what I sought in vain, thy word reveal'd,
 Reviv'd my heart, and all my doubts expell'd;
 There I discover'd, all their bliss is show,
 Gay to the view, but lin'd with real woe.
 On slipp'ry rocks are plac'd their tott'ring feet,
 'Gainst which proud billows of destruction beat;
 A while they glitter on their lofty stand,
 But sink to ruin at thy dread command:
 Like short-liv'd meteors kindled in the sky,
 New-born to light, in darkness now to die,
 As in our dreams dire prodigies affright,
 But vanish with the darkness of the night,
 So that scarce any trace is left behind
 Of th' airy phantoms which disturb'd the mind;

So

†

So the vain men that once enslav'd the world,
 Into the deep abyſs by thee are hurl'd;
 No more can they oppoſe thy holy cauſe,
 Blaſpheme thy name, or trample on thy laws:
 Loſt is their pow'r, their glory quite forgot,
 Their bodies moulder, and their mem'ries rot.

LORD! what a ſtupid, thoughtleſs wretch was I,
 To doubt the providence of thee, moſt high!
 How far from man, how near a kin to beaſt,
 Come to ſuſpect the wicked could be bleſt;
 And yet thy pow'rful hand, thy gracious care,
 Preſerv'd me from the ſin of black deſpair;
 And the ſame gracious hand ſhall guide my feet,
 Through this dark wilderneſs to thy bleſt ſeat;
 O could I now behold thy face, and live,
 Thy preſence only happineſs can give.
 Now earthly pleaſures all their ſweetneſs loſe,
 If thou thy loving kindneſs doſt reſuſe;
 And ſhouldeſt thou raiſe me to the realms above,
 Where cherubs praife thee, and where ſeraphs love;
 Yet all the glories of that bright abode,
 Would give no joy, if abſent were my God.
 To thee my ſoul on wing'd deſires aſcends,
 To thee her amorous affections ſends;
 For thee with eagerneſs of thirſt ſhe faints,
 As the chac'd hart for the cool fountain pants.
 The purple tide of life may ceaſe to flow,
 The pulſe forget to beat, the lungs to blow;
 A trembling languor the whole man ſurpriſe,
 And a long darkneſs ſeal my dying eyes:

Yet

Yet my eternal rock does never faint,
He's still the strength and refuge of the faint;
And tho' he suffers me to sink to earth,
Again will raise me by a second birth.

THOSE impious wretches who to idols fly,
And will not on thy sovereign aid rely;
As thee, a sure protection, they will leave,
From thee as sure destructions shall receive,
In vain they cry on gods that cannot save;
Therefore in Thee alone will I confide,
And place my confidence in none beside;
Thy arm my strength, thy favour is my joy,
And in thy praise will I my life employ.





The APOLOGY.

To a Young Lady with yellow Hair.

WHILST on thy golden locks I gaze,
And what I like, sincerely praise;
Coldly you turn your head away,
And tax with flattery all I say:
But though, when present, you prevail,
And interrupt my eager tale;
Yet shall the absent muse supply,
What to my tongue your frowns deny.

LET other damsels, oddly vain,
With quack receipts their features stain;
And studious of a false renown,
For borrow'd colours change their own;
Boldly do thou despise their taste
Of leaden combs, of paint and paste,
In thy own genuine charms arise,
Nor think we judge with vulgar eyes.

THE locks which flow'd in waves of gold,
Subdu'd the toughest hearts of old:
For charms like thine almighty Jove,
Despis'd his starry realms above;

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To a yellow-hair'd LADY. 163

And, kindled with a mortal flame,
Down to our earth a suiter came:
For if old tales we call to mind,
Or look in OVID, we shall find,
That IO, DANAE, and the rest,
Whom Jove in masquerade possess'd,
Were ladies of an aubourn hue,
With locks of amber, just like you.

SUCH tresses, in the days of yore,
VENUS the queen of beauty wore;
Which made ev'n MARS forsake the field,
And forc'd the god of war to yield.

FAIR ROSAMOND, as poets sing,
Enamour'd thus a british king:
With blazing hair she scorch'd his heart,
And every ringlet prov'd a dart.

ON thee may better fortune light,
Nor may thy charms such rage excite!
For tho' a monarch wore her chain,
What did, alas! that triumph gain?
An injur'd queen, with vengetul rage,
Pursu'd her in the bloom of age,
And in a curst ill-fated hour,
Surpriz'd her in the conscious bow'r;
There, with the dagger and the bowl,
Wreak'd all the fury of her soul.

164 *To a yellow-hair'd LADY.*

BUT no such ills infect the plain,
Safe in my cottage may'st thou reign;
No jealous queen will urge her right,
Nor watch thy footsteps day and night:
My heart, unrival'd, thou may'st keep,
Whilst on the hills I tend my sheep;
Unenvied, through the vales may'st rove,
And without fear or danger love.

No more then, with unkind disdain,
Frown on the conquests you obtain;
To falshood and delusive art
Wresting the dictates of my heart:
But dare, for once, in man to trust,
Nor rashly deem us all unjust;
For me, (believe me when I swear,)
And thou, O VENUS, witness bear!
However sickly fops may range,
However tastes or modes may change;
Whether the black, the brown, or fair,
Shall chance to reign the favourite hair;
Still shall my voice those charms approve,
Which vanquish'd HENRY, MARS, and JOVE.



An



*An EPISTLE from a Clergyman in
HEREFORDSHIRE to his Friend at
CHIPPING-ONGAR in ESSEX.*

Dear Sir,

REGARDING neither blame nor praise,
Whether I merit birch or bays;
For once I will attempt in rhyme,
To tell you how I spend my time.

IMPRIMIS then, in summer weather,
The sun and I do rise together;
Then hurrying WILLIAM out to plough,
I call to ANN to milk her cow:
Then take my cane, and walk at ease
To see what pigs are in my pease,
Where if I spy the growling snout,
I clap, and KEEPER hunts them out.
Then mend the gap by driving stake fast,
And home again I come to breakfast;
Now all the time till breakfast ends,
We talk o'er all our ONGAR friends:
And thus perhaps my wife begins,
I can but think Sir * JOHN had twins!

* Sir JOHN BULL.

How

↓

166 EPISTLE *from a Clergyman*

How strange, says she, do things go on?
 Some can have two, and some have none!
 Now such discourse to me is grating,
 So I turn off to other prating,
 And talk of Sir JOHN A — FF's marrying,
 Or lady MARY's last miscarrying;
 Or any other foreign chat,
 To rid her head and thoughts of that;
 Tho' whisp'ring now my thoughts to thee,
 I think it hard as well as she.
 But tell me, do your cheeks ne'er burn?
 For you are talk'd of in your turn;
 Nay every one, without a lye, Sir!
 From good Sir JOHN, to poor WILL SPICER.

Now loitering thus as long as fitting,
 I to my book, and she to knitting,
 But by the way, observing this,
 We never part without a kiss;
 And every morning thus from MONDAY,
 I'm thinking what to say on SUNDAY,
 And so sit musing all alone,
 Until our parish clock strikes one;
 When, from the lowest stair I hear
 My wife calls out, — Come down, my dear,
 For dinner's ready. — Where I see,
 A decent plain frugality;
 There's nothing wanting, nor profuse,
 A well-fed duck, or season'd goose,
 Or beans, or pease, or barn-door hen,
 Or roasted pig, my due, from TEN;

Nor

Nor in the season am without
 The silver eel, or speckled trout:
 And tho' I almost keep from wine,
 As strict as J E W s abstain from swine;
 Yet does my side-board never fail
 To furnish beer and well-brew'd ale,
 Nor a desert, when fruit is ripe:
 And after that, I take my pipe;
 That done, why then, I nod perhap,
 And lean my head to take a nap;
 Mean while some honest friend does come,
 And asks my maid if I'm at home:
 If fifty pounds he rents a year,
 I beg him then to draw his chair,
 And looking in the empty jug,
 I call to fetch another mug:
 With him discoursing, I am told,
 How at last fair the cattle fold,
 And many useful things I know,
 As when to plough, and when to sow,
 When to manure is proper time,
 And which is fittest, dung, or lime;
 So talk we, till he leaves my house,
 Then thank him, and salute his spouse;
 And being of a well-bred nation,
 He says, he'll use my commendation:
 'Tis well accepted by the dame,
 And she returns it with some cream.

AND now the sun extends the shade,
 We walk perhaps in neighb'ring mead,

Close

168 *EPISTLE from a Clergyman.*

Cloſe by whoſe verdant flow'ry ſide
The ſilver waves in murmurs glide;
Where ſporting fiſh with ſudden riſe,
Catch at the too unwary flies;
Or where ſome angler with his hook
And rod extended o'er the brook,
Watches his float with careful look:
Or elſe beneath a ſpreading oak,
I fill another pipe and ſmoak;
And ſee my lambs their frolicks play,
And ſo your friend waſtes out the day:
Then home returning, prayers are ſaid,
WILL makes his bow, and all to bed.

BUT now methinks I hear you mutter,
What all to bed without a ſupper?
Why, faith! I own I would conceal
What 'tis no credit to reveal;
But yet if that would give you eaſe,
'Tis picking bones, or toaſted cheeſe;
And this concludes at preſent from
Your faithful humble ſervant TOM.
EVANS had ſpoil'd the verſe before,
But now it makes a verſe the more.

P. S. You know there's no epiſtle ends
Without ſaluting of one's friends:
My duty then attends my mother,
My love to ſiſter and my brother;
And, not to make my letter longer,
Salute all friends in CHIPPING ONGAR.

On



*On the tearing out and burning the obscene
Pieces in the Lord ROCHESTER'S
Works.*

THOU blaster of thy own fair spreading fame,
At once thy age's glory, and its shame;
How great, yet despicable, is thy name!

Ot wit and lewdness equally profuse,
How dost thou prostitute the noblest muse;
Ingrate! thus heaven's best blessing to abuse.

Thy sense like comets, glaring in the skies,
Heav'n born, with hellish influence doth arise;
Its brightness taints, and whilst it shines, destroys.

When such as thee to vicious fame aspire,
Th' EPHESIAN's madness we no more admire;
Thou, to be talk'd of, sett'st mankind on fire.

Me, love's soft tyrant binds in pleasing chains,
Devoted to the fair are all my strains,
And youthful vigour revels in my veins.

Yet scenes like these I with disgust descry,
Such complicated filth offends the eye,
Tho' deck'd with all the flow'rs of poetry.

spawn of adult'rate genius! hence! retire!
 To raise the muse's genuine glories higher,
 Thus I purge off her stains with ordeal fire.

WILLMOT! would all, who reading share thy shame,
 so sacrifice to virtue and thy fame,
 How wouldst thou shine by thy own folly's flame?



An EPIGRAM.

Martial, Book VI. Ep. XV.

A Drop of amber, from a poplar plant,
 Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an ant:
 The little insect we so much contemn,
 Is from a worthless ant become a gem.



A



A PARAPHRASE *on the* CXLVHI
PSALM.

TO God, in one united sound,
Inspir'd let every being rise,
Beyond creation's utmost bound,
Above the concave of the skies.

BEGIN, ye sacred thrones above;
Ye seraphs, strike your golden lyres:
Ye sons of harmony and love,
Bless and exalt him in your choirs.

FAR as thou dart'st a quickening ray,
Divulge, O sun, his endless fame:
He fill'd thy flaming orb with day,
His acts, in gratitude, proclaim.

THOU moon, howe'er unfix'd thy course,
To him thy constant tribute bring:
He to thy glories gave the source,
To him with pious duty sing.

YE gay attendants of the night,
From sphere to sphere the accents roll;
Ye planetary globes of light,
Resound his deeds from pole to pole.

YE splendid heavens, ye vaults on high,
 With rapture seize the darling theme:
 Ye floods, that glide above the sky,
 Bear down his praise in every stream.

LET the bright realms of lasting bliss,
 Extol him thro' the vast expanse:
 By him, from chaos' dark abyss,
 The various elements advance.

HE spoke, confusion heard the word,
 In her capacious gulphs obscure:
 Straight sprang up worlds in sweet accord,
 Fix'd, and commanded to endure.

LET clouds in rain their part disclose;
 Let winds with all their blasts adore:
 Ye meteors blaze, drop down ye snows;
 Ye lightnings play, and thunders roar.

NEXT let the choristers of air
 The propagated hymn assume:
 His hand protects 'em with its care;
 To him they owe the various plume.

WHILE thus his wonders spread around,
 Let the seas add their watry noise;
 Ye whales alarm the dark profound,
 Ye finny nations take a voice.

LET ocean rouse the peaceful deep,
Loud bellowing thro' his large domain:
Ye surges, break your idle sleep,
Ye shores, reverberate the strain:

AND shall mute animals that swim,
Nor thou, O earth, his worth declare?
O! pay thy just devoirs to him;
He made thy ponderous ball cohere.

YE dragons, tune your noisome breath,
From dreadful hissings, into joy:
Ye scaly ministers of death,
In song your forked tongues employ.

LET beasts their savage lowings give;
From him they draw their springing food:
Let wolves in emulation strive
With the dread monsters of the wood.

LET mountains with their cedars bow;
Ye prostrate vallies, higher rise:
Let oaks bend down in reverence low;
Ye shrubs, mount upward to the skies.

YE several people of this frame,
Howe'er distinguish'd or disjoin'd,
Conspire to celebrate his name,
And laud the Maker of mankind.

174 A PARAPHRASE, &c.

To him let kings their homage pay;
 Their power, compar'd with his, is none:
 Ye monarchs, great in earthly sway,
 Bend low, as subjects, at his throne.

With the chaste virgin's tender voice,
 Appear, O youth, in bloom of age;
 In feeble plaudits to rejoice,
 Let years and infancy engage.

To praise th' eternal, the divine,
 Far, far be impious discord hurl'd;
 Let all his works in concert join,
 The general chorus fill the world.



An



*An ODE sacred to the Memory of her
Grace ANNE, Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.*

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Let angels with their ſilver wings, o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by her reliques made.* POPE.

WHY ſounds the plain with ſad complaint?
Why hides the ſun his beams?
Why ſigh the winds ſo bleak and cold?
Why mourn the ſwelling ſtreams?

WAIL on, ye heights, ye glens, complain;
Sun, wear thy cloudy veil:
Sigh, winds, from frozen caves of ſnow;
CLYDE, mourn the rueful tale.

SHE'S dead, the beauteous ANNA'S dead!
All nature wears a gloom!
Alas! the comely budding flower
Is faded in the bloom!

CLOS'D in the weeping marble vault,
Now cold and pale ſhe lies;
No more the ſmiles adorn her cheek,
No more ſhe liſts her eyes.

Too soon, O sweetest, fairest, best;
Young parent, lovely mate,
Thou leav'st thy lord and infant son,
To weep thy early fate.

BUT late thy chearful marriage-day,
Gave gladness all around;
But late in thee, the youthful chief
A heaven of blessings found.

HIS bosom swells, for much he lov'd,
Words fail to paint his grief;
He starts in dreams, and grasps thy shade;
The day brings no relief.

THE fair illusion skims away,
And grief again returns;
Life's pleasures make a vain attempt;
Disconsolate he mourns:

HE mourns his loss, a nation's loss;
It claims a flood of tears;
When such a lov'd illustrious star,
So quickly disappears.

WITH roses and the lilly buds,
Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,
And weeping tell, thus sweet she was,
Thus early from us torn.

To ſilent twilight ſhades retire,
Ye melancholy ſwains,
In melting notes repeat her praiſe,
In ſighing vent your pains.

BUT haſte, calm reaſon, to our aid,
And paining thoughts ſubdue,
By placing of the pious fair
In a more pleaſing view.

WHOSE white immortal mind now ſhines,
And ſhall for ever bright,
Above th' inſult of death and pain,
By the firſt ſpring of light.

THERE joins the high melodious throng
That ſtrike eternal ſtrings,
In preſence of Omnipotence,
She now a ſeraph ſings.

THEN ceaſe, great JAMES, thy flowing tears,
Nor rend thy ſoul in vain:
From bowers of bliſs ſhe'll ne'er return
To thy kind arms again.

WITH goodneſs ſtill adorn thy mind,
True greatneſs ſtill improve;
Be ſtill a patriot, juſt and brave,
And meet thy ſaint above.



On the Death of the Earl CADOGAN.

O F MARLBRO'S captains, and EUGENIO'S friends,
The last, CADOGAN, to the grave descends :
Low lies each head whence BLENHEIM'S glory
sprung,

The chiefs who battled, and the bards who sung :
From his cold clay, tho' every friend be fled,
See envy stays, that lover of the dead.
Thus did she feign o'er NASSAU'S dust to mourn ;
Thus wept insidious, CHURCHILL, on thy urn :
To blast the living, paid the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trimm'd anew ?

THOU, yet un-nam'd, to fill his vacant place,
And lead to war thy country's rising race,
Enjoy each wish a british heart can frame ;
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame :
The hour will come, when thou shalt hear with rage
A murmur'ing realm, and curse a thankless age.
Nor yet, for this, decline the gen'rous strife ;
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life :
In life, tho' stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.

On Earl Cadogan's Death. 179

Alas! when once the mortal yields to fate,
The blast of fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on his flight;
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears, regardless, while fond man, distressed,
Hangs o'er the absent, and laments the best:
Farewell then, fame, ill fought thro' toils and blood!
Farewell, unfaithful promiser of good!
Thou musick, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense, wasted on the funeral bier!
Thro' life pursu'd in vain, by death obtain'd;
When ask'd, deny'd us; and when given, disdain'd.





*A POEM on Dr. FRAZER's Re-
building part of the University of
ABERDEEN.*

By Mr. MALLET.

IN days of old, e'er wealth was learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
E'er ignorance look'd lofty in a peer,
And smil'd at wit, cast back in fortune's rear;
The pious * prelate, truly good and great,
Court'd the muses to this happy feat,
Friend to instructive arts, he knew to prize,
His bounty bad the mighty pile arise:
Splendour adorn'd what skilful art design'd,
And the fair structure spok'd his noble mind:
The fabrick finish'd, to secure the fame,
He stil'd it Royal, from the † sovereign's name.

HERE, by successive worthies, well was taught
All that enlightens and exalts the thought.

* Bp. ELPHINSTON.

† K. JAMES IV.

With

On Dr. FRAZER's Bounty. 181

With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
Long, every cherish'd science flourish'd fair.
Thus, without cloud, serene the seasons roll'd;
Thus, learning saw renew'd his age of gold.

BUT now, sad change, decay'd by length of years,
A lonely waste, the muses' seat appears;
O'er her declining roofs, with moss o'er-spread,
See! time, slow-creeping, walks with hostile tread!
Silent, and sure, and ceaseless in his toil;
He shakes each wall, and moulders every pile,
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the destin'd place;
And solitary silence comes apace.

LEARNING beheld with all a father's fear,
And mourn'd the total desolation near;
He saw the muses stretch the wing to fly,
And spoke his silent sorrow in a sigh!

FROM heaven, in that sad hour, commission'd came
Fair charity, in heaven the foremost name:
Compassion flew before her, sweetly bright,
And her meek eyes effulg'd unclouded light.

"Hear, and rejoice—the smiling power begun,
"Full of my deity, thy best-lov'd son, *
"Thy injur'd rights, regardful, shall assert,
"And nobly take his suffering parent's part.

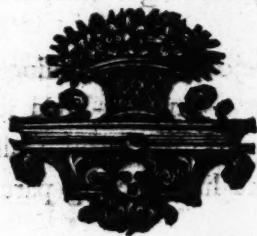
* JAMES FRAZER, *Doctor of Laws.*

"He,
+

182 *On Dr. FRAZER's Bounty.*

" He, thy first fav'rite, and thy dearest friend,
" Shall bid thy walls arise, thy roofs ascend.
" I see——all charm'd, I see the future frame,
" Aspiring, emulate its antient name:
" I see thy long-lost pomp shine out again,
" And every muse, returning, claim her reign.
" Nor ends the bounty here;——by him bestow'd,
" Learning's rich stores shall thy musæum load,
" Whate'er deep-hid, philosophy has found;
" Or the muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
" Or history describ'd, far-looking sage!
" In the dark doubtfulness of distant age:
" These, thy well-chosen treasures, there combin'd,
" Unwasting shall enrich the searchful mind.

" But, teach thy sons the gentle arts of peace;
" Let faction lose his rule, and discord cease;
" Rivals, alone in love, and doing well;
" Be their fair emulation to excell:
" Then shall encourag'd arts, successful thrive;
" And all the glory of thy name revive.



On



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Give



On Miss HARVEY, being a Day old.

In Imitation of Mr. P——s.

LITTLE girl, in swaddling cloaths,
 Mother's eyes, and father's nose;
 Little mouth, where, on a row,
 White and even teeth will grow,
 And the dimple on the chin,
 Just beginning to begin;
 And the skin so fair and sleek;
 And the roses in the cheek;
 And the neck, and milk-white breast,
 Which hereafter shall be prest;
 And the snowy hand and arm,
 Which, as yet, can do no harm;
 And the waist so small and round,
 Little waist, with roller bound;
 And the taper leg and thigh,
 And what is, and will be, by,
 For which thousand swains will die:

}
}

KEEP her, heaven, from all harms!
 Give her all her mother's charms!

Give

184 *On Miss HARVEY, a Day old.*

Give her all her father's wit!
Save her from convulsion fit!
May her teeth, with ease be bred!
May she keep her maiden-head,
'Till she's in her bridal bed.
Then, may she be free from snarling:
May she be her husband's darling!
May her days be peace and rest;
Like her happy parents blest;
And may they, my cares to drown,
Give the poet half a crown.



SUP-



SUPPLICATION *for Miss* CARTERET,
in the Small-Pox, Dublin, July 31.
 1725.

By AMBROSE PHILIPS, *Esq;*

POW'R, o'er ev'ry pow'r supreme,
 Thou, the poet's hallow'd theme,
 From thy mercy-seat on high;
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
 Breather of all vital breath,
 Arbiter of life and death;
 Oh, preserve this innocence,
 Yet unconscious of offence;
 Yet in life and virtue growing;
 Yet, no debt to nature owing.

THOU, who giv'st angelick grace
 To the blooming virgin face,
 Let the fell disease not blight
 What thou mad'st for man's delight:
 O'er her features let it pass
 Like the breeze o'er springing grass,
 Gentle as refreshing showers
 Sprinkled over opening flowers.

R

O,

186 Supplication for Miss Carteret.

O, let years alone diminish
Beauties, thou wast pleas'd to finish.

To the pious parents give,
That the darling fair may live;
Turn to blessings all their care;
Save their fondness from despair.
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Softens every throb of anguish;
Suffer not her strength to languish;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.





To Miss GEORGIANA, youngest Daughter to the Lord CARTERET, August 10, 1725.

By the same Hand.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
 Miniature of beauty's queen;
 Numbering years, a scanty nine,
 Stealing hearts without design:
 Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
 Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles;
 Yet a novice in disdain,
 Pleasure giving without pain;
 Still careffing, still carest;
 Thou, and all thy lovers blest!
 Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
 O for ever pleas'd and pleasing;
 Hither, BRITISH muse of mine,
 Hither all the GRÆCIAN nine,
 With the lovely graces three,
 And your promis'd nurfeling see:
 Figure on her waxen mind,
 Images of life refin'd;

188 *To Miss* GEORGIANA CARTERET.

Make it, as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought display;
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture shall appear,
Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
All to human sense surprizing.
Is the filken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lilly and the rose
Such unfully'd hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the stars, in wintry sky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye
Has the morning lark a throat,
Sounding sweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.

From thy pastime and thy toys,
From thy harmless cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou shalt attain thy prime,
And thy bosom feel desire,
Love the likeness of thy fire;
One ordain'd thro' life, to prove
Still thy glory, still thy love.
Like thy sister, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be;
Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern set before thee.

Where

To Miss GEORGIANA CARTERET. 189

Where the LIFFY meets the main,
Has thy sister heard my strain.
From the LIFFY to the THAMES,
Minstrel echoes sing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence sweet to hear;
Smooth as gently-breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales;
While the vessel calmly glides
O'er the level glassy tides;
While the summer flowers are springing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are singing.



ANA-



ANACREONTIQUE.

AS it happen'd on a night
 Full of rain, and void of light,
 Dismal night! when not a star
 Shone in all the hemisphere;
 And on earth, by sleep oppress'd,
 Every soul was gone to rest,
 LOVE unknown to me before,
 LOVE, stood knocking at my door.
 Whence, and who so late at night,
 (Said I, waking in a fright,)
 Dare so rude a knocking keep,
 To disturb my downy sleep;
 Sleep from every sorrow free,
 Sleep so rare a guest to me.
 Little cause have you to fear
 Whence we come, and who we are;
 LOVE, the subtle rogue, replies,
 Gentle stranger, pr'ythee rise,
 And some tender care employ,
 On a little harmless boy,
 Who, long wandering up and down,
 Unacquainted with the town,
 Trembling, cold, and wet all o'er,
 Here have lit upon a door.
 Mov'd at what the urchin said,
 Simple fool, I rose from bed,

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Struck a light, and op'd the door;
 Where a little boy I spy'd,
 Wings that on his shoulders wore,
 Bow and arrow by his side:
 Ent'ring, I his name inquire,
 Lead me, master, to the fire;
 For my name, he made reply,
 You shall know it by and by.
 I led him to't, all seeming mild,
 And, as he said, a harmless child;
 His little hands, so chill with cold,
 In mine, to warm, I fondly hold:
 His little locks, so wet with rain,
 I gently wring, and dry again.
 When strait reviving by my care,
 When warm'd his hands, and dry'd his hair,
 Landlord, said he, I fain would know
 How fares my dart, how fares my bow?
 If proof against the wet, or no,
 Landlord, how fares my dart and bow?
 He bent his bow, he fix'd his dart,
 And shot me full into the heart.
 Stung with unsufferable pain,
 I drew the dart with might and main;
 With might and main I drew the dart,
 But left th' impression on my heart
 Of her, whose image it did bear,
 CLOE, the gods peculiar care.
 All this he saw, and seeing, smil'd,
 No more a little harmless child.

But

†

192 ANACREONTIQUE.

But little imp, devoid of shame;
 Then, said he, would you know my name,
 CUPID I'm call'd by gods above,
 By men below, The power of love.
 The power in men and gods inspires
 All tender thoughts, and am'rous fires:
 Above, when minded to be great,
 In VENUS' court I keep my state.
 VENUS my mother, queen of love,
 Whom yet I no more fear than JOVE.
 JOVE often turn'd, to shew my power,
 To bull, or swan, to flame, or shower.
 Below, when weary of the skies,
 I keep incog, in CLOE's eyes;
 Whence all my private pranks I play,
 And wound a thousand hearts a-day.
 A thousand——ay, as many hearts,
 As she has looks, or I have darts:
 But fare you well, for now I know,
 Safe is my dart, safe is my bow.
 Happy for you, could you but say,
 Your heart was half as safe as they.





DAMON: A City ECLOGUE.

Written to a Gentleman in the Country,

WHEN now the stars began to hide their heads,
 And lewd debauchees sought polluted beds;
 When nodding watchmen left their tiresome
 And noisy pomp in peaceful sleep was lost; [post,
 DAMON, a hapless youth, whom beauty fir'd,
 And sacred friendship's brighter flame inspir'd,
 In mournful lays bewail'd his absent fair,
 And for his friend confess'd an equal care:
 While, from the neighbouring street, in shriller cries,
 To his sad song, a chimney-sweep replies;
 The chimney-sweep, in sable pomp array'd,
 As if, like him, he mourn'd the absent maid.
 While thus the youth——Now SOL restores the day,
 And gilded signs reflect the orient ray;
 But ah to me the rising sun supplies
 No light in absence of my CÆLIA's eyes!
 Those sparkling eyes, that did outshine by far
 The radiant diamond pendant in her ear,
 Spend all their fire unseen, and unadmir'd,
 In country wastes, and lonely vales retir'd,
 While all despairing, comfortless I lie,
 Can taste no pleasure, and can find no joy.

194 DAMON: *a City ECLOGUE.*

No more, returning from the gaudy court,
 Bless'd with her sight, the tavern I resort,
 To meditate the lightning of her eye,
 Or quench the flame in gen'rous BURGUNDY.
 For since she's fled, alas! what toast can join
 Life, warmth, and lustre to the flatten'd wine?

No fashionable dress can charm my sight,
 Nor musick, ev'n DUBOURGH's, my ear invite.
 O mourn, DUBOURGH! no more the crouded house
 Shall fill thy purse, and all thy musick rouse:
 She's gone, she whom alone we flock'd to see,
 Intent to love, and deaf to harmony.
 She's gone—and now coquetting PHYLLIS shines,
 Like PHOEBE when the golden sun declines.
 Let CYNTHIA now a thousand captives bring,
 And CLÆ boast her conquests at the ring;
 Since she who from contending beauties won
 Each lover's heart, is now for ever gone.
 She's gone—Ah dreadful sound!—Ah tale full fore!
 Rather were cities, courts, and plays no more.
 Rather the green, the park, the strand were fled;
 And courtly visits never more be paid:
 For what are courts or plays when she's not there?
 The green, the park, the strand increase our care:
 The sad remembrance of what once they were.

O CELIA! cruel CELIA, thus to leave
 A thousand sprightly beaus, to sigh and grieve;
 To fly from wretched DAMON, most unkind,
 Nor leave one slender proof of love behind.

BUT

DAMON: *a City Eclogue.* 195

BUT ah! unhappy DAMON, witless swain,
In vain you love, unpity'd you complain;
Some happier youth, some beau of matchless size,
With active gambol, charm'd her wand'ring eyes;
With smart ramilya wig her heart he gain'd,
And val'rous tales of saucy porters can'd.
To him her parting kisses did belong,
To him the softest accents of her tongue;
To him the nicely-furling fan she gave;
And he, perhaps, (O happy fop!) has leave
In witless lines, (such lines become a beau,)
To write what's what, and tell her who loves who.

CURS'D be his charms, and curs'd the fatal plains,
That from my longing eyes my love detains:
Curs'd be the fields—But, ah! where-e'er she goes
Let pomps arise, and croud the scene with beaus.
May every cart a gilded chariot seem——
And plays, and balls, in her pleas'd fancy swim.
From cans uncouth, let shapely tea-pots rise,
And ev'ry hound be chang'd to * THAVY's size.
But, ah! return, return, relenting fair,
Be touch'd with pity, hear a lover's pray'r;
Then shall proud CLOE quit her high disdain,
And PHYLLIS ogle from the box in vain.
For thee the fighting swains shall altars raise;
For thee malicious poets learn to praise.
A thousand pleasing secrets thou shalt hear,
A thousand whispers croud into the ear.

* The lady's lap-dog.

196 DAMON: *a City ECLOGUE.*

Oh! had'st thou known what horrid things are said
Of CHLORIS, and what naughty tricks were play'd,
You'd surely come—but if in vain we sue;
If we no more these heavenly charms shall view,
DAMON must bid the empty world adieu.
Thus sung the swain—To friendship next he turn'd
His tuneful voice, and absent THYRSIS mourn'd.

BUT now the busy town from slumber rose,
And various tasks, a various noise compose.
Exclaiming duns attend the great man's door,
And watchful bailiffs terrify the poor.
Here lab'ring hackneys trudge for doubtful pay,
While roaring bullies swear their bread away.
Unheeded bells in empty churches rung,
While gaping multitudes attentive hung
Upon the ballad-singer's tuneful tongue:
The growing murmur drown'd the shepherd's song,
Else might his numbers be as much too long,
Too tedious, and too troublesome to thee,
As my dear THYRSIS' absence is to me.—





A HYMN on the RESURRECTION.

*Qualis ubi exutus senium, nitidusq; juventa,
 Puniceis surgit Phœnix a funere plumis,
 Jamq; suos adit Ethiopes, Indosq; revisit.
 Circa illum volucres varia comitantur euntem,
 Et vario indulgent cantu, plausuque sequuntur.*

VIDA.

R Ejoice, thou world, and all that dwell therein;
 Ye num'rous sons of ADAM, first begin
 This universal song; do you confess
 Your saviour's love, his boundless bounties bless:
 Let his amazing acts your breasts inspire
 With high poetic thoughts, and sacred fire.
 He, death and hell with his strong arm assail'd,
 And o'er them both victoriously prevail'd:
 The wine-press of his father's wrath he trod;
 And singly bore the vengeance of a God!
 While floods of ire upon his soul were hurl'd,
 He stood, and sav'd (himself) a sinking world!
 Yield then the tribute of your noblest praise:
 New songs like his unheard-of mercies raise:
 For wondrous things has our Redeemer done;
 And with his own right-hand the conquest won.

II.

YE angels, who surround his awful throne,
 The glories of the heavenly victor own;
 Who mov'd by pity and immortal love,
 Left his high seat, and dazling crown above,
 To rescue man from horrid hell's abode,
 To wrest from wrath divine th' avenging rod,
 And reconcile the creature to his G O D.
 For this, ye nations, own your saviour King;
 With grateful raptures, loud Hosanna's sing;
 Let shouts triumphal the wide æther rend,
 And to his throne exulting lays ascend.
 O tune his praise on the soft warbling lyre;
 And let the royal trumpet lift it higher.
 Invoke, my muse, each part of nature's frame,
 To join the concert sweeten'd with his name.
 " For wond'rous things has our Redeemer done,
 " And with his own right-hand the conquest won.

III.

BEGIN, O sea, and let thy mighty voice
 Summon thy scaly tenants to rejoice;
 Whilst, with glad mirth, thy tumbling billows roar,
 And dance and wanton on the whiten'd shore.
 Ye silver floods, who, from your lib'ral source,
 Thro' num'rous nations, rove, with winding course,
 What realms foe'er your wandring currents reach,
 The just applauses of our Saviour teach.

Whether

Whether with noise you roll your rapid way,
Or in delightful smooth mæanders stray,
In sounding peals celestial love proclaim,
Or whisper to the smiling banks his name.
And ye, O springs, and bubbling fountains, raise,
With ev'ry crystal drop, a note of praise.
“ For wond'rous things has our Redeemer done,
“ And with his own right-hand the conquest won.

IV.

YE shining orbs, who in bright circles roll,
And spread your chearing rays from pole to pole,
His praises in your silent course declare,
And to each distant zone and climate bear.
By him your radiant spheres at first were form'd,
And with gay beams of streaming light adorn'd.
You saw him from the vanquish'd grave arise,
And mount triumphant thro' the spangled skies,
Ye sounding winds, to him your homage pay,
Whose dread command both winds and storms obey:
BOREAS, begin, and, with thy hoarser voice,
Roar a deep bass; whilst others shall rejoice
In shriller strains, and whistle as they pass
Thro' the tall trees, or brush the bending grass.
“ For wond'rous things has our Redeemer done,
“ And with his own right-hand the conquest won.

V.

YE gentle zephyrs, that on balmy wing,
 Spic'd scents and aromatick fragrance bring,
 Go range the world, exhaust ARABIA'S store,
 Sweep every flower, and every grove explore,
 Then mount to heaven, and there your odours blow;
 And offer that sweet incense from below.
 Exalt him thus, ye winds; tell every tree
 The cause of this united harmony;
 Let pines and cedars, as ye pass them o'er,
 Bow their aspiring heads, and rev'rently adore.
 Ye birds melodious, ye who fit and sing,
 Or warbling soar aloft on painted wing,
 In all your native musick chant his love,
 'Till sympathy the dancing leaves shall move.
 " For wond'rous things has our Redeemer done,
 " And with his own right-hand the conquest won.

VI.

YE beasts, who range for prey the lonesome wood;
 And ye, who graze the springing herb for food;
 From fury now, and trembling terror, free,
 Forget awhile your native enmity.
 Let LYBIAN tygers, mix with fleecy rams,
 Let the fierce wolves be join'd with sportful lambs,
 The princely lyon, with the gen'rous horse,
 Come all of savage race, or sinewy force.
 Let every creature bear a part to raise
 One mighty *Hallelujah* to his praise.

United

A PARAPHRASE, &c. 201

United thus, let gladden'd nature sing
The triumphs of our Saviour and our King.
Let thus, one universal song go round,
And heav'n's proud arch the grateful joy resound:
" For wond'rous things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own right-hand the glorious conquest
won.



A PARAPHRASE *on the* VIIIth
Chapter of JOB.

HAS not kind heaven, regarding human woe.
Set a fix'd period to our race below?
Known by the omniscient, surely is our stay;
And we, like hirelings, toil but by the day.
Then when the busy tedious dream is o'er,
We sink in death's soft arms, and are no more.
And is then death our slumber, our repose?
Oh! when shall death Job's wearied eye-lids close?
As with desiring eyes the harass'd swain
Expects the evening shade, to quit the plain;
So with impatience to the grave I bend,
And beg to see my numerous sorrows end:
Not more solicitous the lab'ring hind
Is, that his cares their recompense may find:
Nor waits more anxious the prolifick rain,
Or promis'd harvests in the swelling grain,

Than

Than I to see my grim deliverer rise,
 And death's cold hand, in mercy, close these eyes:
 For crush'd, O LORD, beneath thy mighty arm,
 What balm can cure my griefs, what musick charm?
 Thy terrors, in a thousand shapes, I know,
 And feel the whole variety of woe!

WHEN will my long protracted sufferings cease,
 And the poor harass'd sufferer be at peace?
 Each lingering night in agonies I lie,
 And oft I wish, but wish in vain, to die.
 In silent grief I lengthen out the night,
 Then curse the shade, and watch the dawning light:
 The dawning light returns—but not to me,
 And all but I its kindly aspect see.
 To JOB no friendly seasons e'er return,
 Nor gives the evening ease, or joy the morn:
 Grief fills his soul, and pain, and gloomy care,
 Amazement, wild affright, and black despair!
 Oh! hold at length thy hand, and leave me free!
 For what is JOB, O GOD, to strive with thee?
 Vile matter is my substance, dust and clay;
 All cover'd too with sores more vile than they:
 Swifter than thought, my fleeting moments pass;
 Consum'd, I wither as the fading grass.
 My transient being, like the passing wind,
 Blows off unseen, nor leaves a trace behind:
 Short as it is, why is it then oppress'd,
 Curs'd by the hand that once had made it bless'd?
 Oh! close the scene—And let my sorrows cease;
 Dissolve the chain, and frown me into peace.

EACH

EACH evening yields the sun to sable night,
But every morn returns again as bright.
Within earth's lap the yearly seed is thrown,
And nature's bounteous hand repays the loan:
But man within the grave for ages lies,
Till nature's death permitted not to rise:
Till then forbid the faintest glimpse of day,
Or reascend the long forgotten way:
No more indulg'd to see the chearful light,
Or sweet vicissitudes of day and night.
His mem'ry too shall die, and in the grave,
In length of time, its thin existence leave:
Here look, vain men, and human greatness see;
Dust once ye were, and dust again must be.

Oh! why should tortur'd Job his sighs restrain?
Or, thus oppress'd, how should he not complain?
Allow him prostrate then to ask his God,
Why thus thou break'st this animated clod?
Why watchest thou my steps, severely just,
And while I bend me groaning in the dust,
Forbid'st me one short interval of rest,
And emptiest all thy quiver in my breast?
In vain for rest I to the couch repair,
And hope in sleep to dissipate my care:
For there in awful visions I behold,
My terrors heighten'd, and my hopes controul'd:
How can I then this wretched life sustain,
When sleep, death's image, but augments my pain?

OfT,

204 *A* PARAPHRASE, &c.

Oft, when alone, and in the evening shade,
 I call on death, but call in vain, for aid :
 For thou, unmov'd, still lengthen'st out my pains,
 And while thy wrath torments, thy power sustains.
 Oh! finish, LORD, the vast unequal strife,
 And I, to buy my peace, will quit my life.
 What did I say of life?—that galling chain;
 By thee afflicted, what is life, but pain?
 I would not live—nor bear the dreadful load :
 I sink, I faint beneath thy chaf'ning rod.
 Oh! cease to urge what nature cannot bear,
 Nor fill me thus with anguish and despair :
 Withdraw thy cruel all-supporting power ;
 And, lo! I perish in that gracious hour.

THEN humbly in thy sight I lay me down;
 At once thy justice and my crimes I own :
 To thee for mercy and relief I come ;
 Oh! take this rebel, since repenting, home,
 Oh! let thy pity kill, and set me free;
 And give me, in destruction, rest to see :
 So shall the voice of my complaining cease,
 And my last breath shall bless thee for my peace.





A PARAPHRASE on the CIVth
PSALM.

In Imitation of Milton's Style.

BLESS God, my soul! exceeding great and glorious
Thou sit'st, O Lord, enthron'd on heaven's high
arch,

Thy palace, cloath'd with majesty and honour,
Compass'd about with everlasting light;
Thy realms thou coverest with th' effulgent mantle,
Whose ample skirts, diffusing orient gleams,
Illumine all the blue translucid æther
By thee stretch'd out; a fair and vast pavilion!
Where mighty floods, with din and roar impetuous,
Toss high the angry wave, thine hand has laid
The rafters that sustain the shining chambers,
A wond'rous fabrick! clouds thou mak'st thy chariots,
Which, carried on the wings of driving storms,
Proclaim the awful presence of the Almighty.
Him winds obey, and airy meteors flash
His messages, to the divine command
Obsequious. Earth he on her center fix'd
Immoveable, and, pois'd in yielding air.
Her face with waters thou did'st overspread:

Collected

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Collected stood the vast circumfluous heap,
The lofty mountains in its womb involving
Abyss profound! Again, at thy rebuke,
They fled; and at the thunder of thy voice,
Precipitant rowl'd down into the deep,
Their oozy bed, wave tumbling after wave.
Thence thro' the rocks, by secret ducts they rise,
And gushing thro' the shaggy mountains sides,
Irriguous travel o'er a thousand lands,
Till in the deep's capacious lap receiv'd.
Here he hath circumscrib'd the swelling ocean,
And fix'd its bounds, that it may overwhelm no more
The spacious earth. He sends the limpid springs
That, down the hillocks with melodious lapse
Descending, wander thro' the verdant lawns,
Where herbs and flowrets grow of various hue:
There beasts that rove in forest or in field,
Drink unrestrain'd; and, void of fear, wild asses
Their thirst allay; while, on the grassy bank,
Tall trees their branches spread abroad profuse,
Fit habitation for the tuneful birds,
Whose liquid notes with gentle impulse tremble.
Along the silver surface of the brook.
From his high chambers in the sailing clouds,
He sendeth softening rain: Moisture prolific!
That gently watereth thirsty hill and dale,
Till earth with plenty crown'd of golden fruits,
Smiles amiable. Tender blades of grass
He causeth spring, that cattle there may browse
Luxurious: Nor, for man's relief are wanting
Herbs; part expiring aromack fumes

Of healing virtue; part with juice delicious,
Inviting sweet repast; with wine to chear
The heavy heart, and gloomy cares dispel;
Oil to anoint and brighten up the face;
And corn, the food and strength of human kind.

THE trees of God are flourishing and fair:
Without the art of man the mountain cedar
Is nourish'd, and on LEBANON exalts
Its comely height, affording ample shelter
To airy wanderers, the feather'd brood.
The lofty fir the stork her dwelling chuses:
Wild goats the summit of the craggy rock,
Within whose hollow caverns feeble creatures
Retiring, 'scape the rage of close pursuers.

AT God's command the moon, her silver horns
Imblazing in the sun's resplendent orb,
Renews her face, and points the changing seasons.
His duty too, the glorious lamp of day
Is taught, and knows his fixed hours to rise,
And flush with rosy charms the face of morn,
Or set in western waves. Then gloomy darkness
(Her sable stole o'er heaven's high convex spread)
Permits the forest beasts to range abroad;
When, fallying from their rueful dens, young lyons
Roar through the silent wilderness for prey,
And seek their meat from God, whose lib'ral hand
The universe sustains: All night they prowl
Secure and undisturb'd, till morn's approach
Back to their haunts the ravagers commands;

While

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While man, commencing with the sun his toil,
Till even-tide the fruitful glebe manures,

How manifold, LORD, are thy works that bear
Such bright discoveries of Almighty skill!
The spacious earth, replenish'd with thy riches,
Proclaims the bounty of her great Creator.
Nor silent is the mighty deeps, whose bosom
Swarms numberless with fish of every kind,
Part huge of bulk, and part a reptile spawn.
There royal navies cut their stately way,
And plow with bended keel the foaming surge:
There too, the great LEVIATHAN upheaves
His cumbrous mail, and, in pernicious frolick,
Lashes with dreadful fins the furious billows.
All these for sustenance on thee attend,
And seek their daily alms from thee; indulgent
Thou freely giv'st, and they with joy receive.
Thou op'st thy hand, and they are fill'd with good:
Thou hid'st thy face, and streight again they mourn.
Their breath thou tak'st, they die, and at thy word,
Thy powerful word, death and corruption see.
Again thou send'st thy spirit forth, enliv'ning,
With vital warmth, the dead inactive heap,
And earth, renew'd, as in its youthful prime,
Smiles chearful on her new-created offspring.

Thus thro' successive ages is proclaim'd
Thy glory, and, establish'd by thy providence,
The world a standing monument of praise
Remains; for, pleas'd with what thine hand has made,

Thou

Thou dost the wastes of mouldering time repair.
 If thou in wrath but look'st upon the earth,
 It trembleth straight, and rent with strong convulsions;
 Shrinks at the presence of an angry GOD;
 And lofty mountains at thy touch are made
 To smoak, and veil their heads in clouds of darkness.

IN hymns to GOD, from whom I have my being;
 I will that life he has bestow'd employ;
 Sweet exercise! that to my soul will yield
 Soft peace, and streams of joy, and heavenly solace.
 Let impious men, by impious deeds, draw down
 Almighty vengeance on their guilty heads;
 And dire destruction seize the sinful crew.
 Bless thou, my soul, the LORD thy GOD; and join
 In concert all ye listening worlds around.





VERSES on *Her* MAJESTY's Birth-
Day. 1727.

By PHILIP FROWDE, *Esq;*

Inopem me copia fecit.

OVID.

RISE, sweet AURORA, rise; propitious morn,
Bring on the day when CAROLINE was born:
Like her fair self, let blooming nature smile,
Make gay each field, and gladden all our isle.
Her softest Influence, see! the goddess sheds;
And ZEPHYRS with young verdure paint the meads.
Ye chearful warblers of the tuneful grove,
Each on his spray, invite your mates to love:
And thou, O PHILOMEL, more early sing,
And with thy song anticipate the spring.

THE morning past, let gorgeous noon appear;
Distinguish'd by its pomp thro' all the year:
The BRITISH fair, (in charms and dress how gay!)
Press to the throne, and gladsome homage pay.
In bright succession a long train behold,
Chariot on chariot, gleaming all with gold;

The

The well-pleas'd croud with admiration gaze;
The jewels glitter, but the beauties blaze!

Now sable eve draws on; but ruddy light
From festive fires, thro' all the region bright,
Dispells the vapour, and prevents the night.
Around the flames the joyful vulgar throng;
And nought is heard, but——CAROLINE live long!
Straight, high in air, with pleasure and surprize,
They see new lights, terrestrial meteors, rise;
Admir'd, not fear'd, the mimic comets blaze,
And innocently pour their stream of rays.
Fires, not their own, th' ethereal plains disclose;
And heaven with momentary stars resplendent glows.
Again the nobles fill her ample court,
Again the fair in lovely troops resort.
Instant o'er all the spacious dome is spread
A glare of day, from thousand tapers shed.
But, soft! my muse; restrain thy dang'rous flight;
Nor dare to sing the glories of that night,
When beauty's power and harmony unite.
How many conquests, Love, shalt thou obtain,
How many vassals to thy empire gain!
But hark! the music sounds; whose sprightly call
Inspires the youth, who hopes the coming ball.
Eager he springs to lead in courtly dance
The beauteous maid, whose eyes his soul entrance.
See, they begin; behold each goodly pair!
The different sexes different charms compare;
His manly mien; her soft enchanting air!

With active strength he bounds; with smoother grace
 She lightly treads, yet with as swift a pace.
 Their QUEEN's lov'd presence to each step adds life,
 Fresh vigour lends, and animates the strife.
 Their emulation finds her just applause;
 She smiles indulgent, conscious of the cause.

So on CYTHERON, or steep CYNTHUS' height,
 DIANA, goddess of the crescent-light,
 Or on EUROTAS' banks, and flowery meads,
 The mountain-nymphs in sportive ringlets leads:
 While they in clust'ring groupes surround their queen,
 Tall, and erect, she o'er the rest is seen.
 Yet soft as VENUS with the PAPHIAN doves,
 Majestically sweet, the graceful huntress moves.
 Unmatch'd in charms the goddess stands confest;
 And secret pleasure sooths LATONA's breast.

Such, CAROLINE, thy stature; such thy face!
 So thy enamour'd consort feels each grace!
 And, pleas'd, beholds them rip'ning in his race.
 His heart o'erflows to see the rising charms,
 Destin'd hereafter to some monarch's arms,
 Fair as the lilly, blushing as the rose,
 Now op'ning sweet, their purest hue disclose:
 While smiling CUPIDS, basking in their eyes,
 Dart forth the flame, that so destructive flies.
 But more, much more elate his bliss, to find
 Each radiant form match'd with as bright a mind.
 There he exults, 'tis then the father joys,
 And on prophetic scenes his thought employs:

HER MAJESTY'S Birth-Day. 213

A scene that opens ravishingly sweet,
With all, his wishing soul could ask, replete;
Each daughter seated on her future throne,
Their people blest, as now he sees his own!
The mother's virtues their fair pattern made,
With gentleness they rule, with pleasure are obey'd.

INDULGENT heav'n! if ever mortal pray'r
Could sway your dooms, be ALBION now your care:
Add to the destin'd time of her command,
And spare us CAROLINE to bless the land.
If you would virtue to your earth ensure,
'Tis her example must its throne secure.
She shines our model of domestic life,
The tender parent, and endearing wife;
The gracious mistress, who from pomp descends
To meet her servants in the rank of friends;
Swift to redress the injuries of fate,
And raise the wretched from his abject state;
Curious to learn where modest merit grieves,
She finds the haunt; and, found, its care relieves.
Nor languish now those few, who dare explore
Nature's recess, and dig the secret ore;
By sympathy of soul, unurg'd she moves,
To patronize the nobler arts, she loves.

BUT, oh! the task how arduous to rehearse
Virtues, that rise above th' aspiring verse!
Such praise to sing, vain bards! ye vainly deem,
In numbers equal to the glorious theme.

Bewilder'd

214 V E R S E S, &c.

Bewilder'd in the maze, the muse would fail;
And growing labours o'er her strength prevail.
Doubtful to chuse from out the dazling store,
She, like a miser, views it o'er and o'er,
Opprest with plenty, by excess made poor.

So, far above, high in the glowing spheres,
Thick-sown with stars, the GALAXY appears;
Myriads of worlds, in gay confusion bright,
Extend their glories with continued light:
Its sep'rate beams yet no one fire can boast,
In the promiscuous day while all are lost.



R. E-



REGULUS: *A Pindarick ODE.*

Sed ex tota hac laude Reguli unum illud est admiratione dignum quod captivos retinendos censuerit ; nam quod rediit, nobis nunc mirabile videtur, illis quidem temporibus aliter facere non potuit, itaque ista laus non est hominis, sed temporum, nullum enim vinculum ad astringendum fidem jurejurando majores arctius esse voluerunt.

CICERO.

I.

IF COWLEY's genius did inspire
 Thy thoughts with that poetic fire,
 By which upborn he tow'ring took his flight
 Beyond the reach of vulgar sight ;
 Say then unartful, yet aspiring muse,
 What mighty hero wouldst thou chuse ?
 Whom to the highest round of praise
 In numbers worthy of thy hero raise ?
 His BRUTUS then should not alone have place -
 Above the rest of human race,
 He should not, foremost in the list of fame,
 Unrivall'd bear his glorious name,
 If thou to equal numbers had'st an equal claim.

II. BUT,

II.

BUT, feeble muse, for such a reach too low,

Forbear thy impotence to show;
 Hope not that hard-mouth'd PEGASUS to rein,
 Of which even COWLEY's self, tho' causeless, did complain:

Impatient of the bit, the unruly horse
 Will carry thee a dang'rous course:

Nor hast thou skill to chuse,
 When to forbear the spur, or when to use:
 Like the DIRCEAN swan let COWLEY fly,
 And with unwearied pinions fan the sky;
 But thou, by ICARUS's fate,
 Forewarn'd before it be too late,
 Or his, whom Jove's imperial thunder hurl'd
 Headlong from heav'n, down to the blazing world,
 Attempt not things too high,
 But in a lower orb thy weaker motions try.

The fair example of a ranging bee
 Is fit, fond muse, to be pursued by thee;
 Like her, o'er flowery meadows rove,
 Thro' every wood and every grove,
 O'er airy fields and rising hills,
 Near mossy caves and purling rills,
 And there perhaps thy industry,
 With fitter subjects far, may suit thyself and me.

III. YET

III.

YET still thou urgest, and I must obey,
(Tho' for the task unequal) thy imperious sway.

Say then, licentious muse,

What mighty hero wilt thou chuse?

Let shining virtue, rigid honesty,

Stern courage and exalted piety,

The well-chose subject of thy praises be:

That so, since nature does her aid deny;

Thy fair example may e'en nature's aid supply:

And sure these graces never more

Did with such lustre shine before,

As when exerted, noble REGULUS, in thee;

Nor can we hope thy peer to find

Amongst the best, the bravest of mankind,

Tho' our researches should fame's records try,

From earliest ages down to late posterity.

IV.

SAY, ROME's best sons, when yet the ROMAN name

Was not become ROME's greatest shame,

While yet unsoil'd with ASIAN luxury

Her virtue did even with her valour vie;

Ere curst ambition, and foul avarice,

And bloated pride, and every baser vice,

The once fam'd mistress of the world had throwa

Down to low ruin from her lofty throne:

Say, true and genuine sons of ROME,

Illustrious shades that in ELYSIUM

Your happy moments now employ

In virtue's bright reward, in endless joy;

U

Say.

218 R E G U L U S :

Say, you, that for your country's good
 So generously shed your blood,
 Barriers of infant ROME, HORATIUS,
 Say CURTIUS, and you DECII,
 If ever to your blest abodes there came,
 A greater, a more glorious name,
 Than his, whose praise the muse strives to rehearse,
 In faithful numbers and recording verse.

V.

HONOUR was thy fix'd principle, and did dispende
 Thro' all thy life its vig'rous influence:
 Thy own and country's honour were by thee
 More priz'd, brave REGULUS! than liberty:
 For that thou freely did'st forego
 The greatest blessings mankind know;
 Thy faithful wife and prating boys,
 The truest, most substantial joys;
 For honour thou did'st life itself refuse,
 And death with horrid torments chuse,
 For when unstable fortune strove to shew
 The worst her adverse frowns could do,
 And of each state would an example make,
 She did thy shining vertues for the pattern take:
 CARTHAGE, so often beat by thee before,
 Now triumph'd o'er her conqueror.

VI.

Tho' envious fate thus strove t'obscure thy praise,
 Yet honour hence did new and greater trophies raise:
 CARTHAGE,

CARTHAGE, tho' thee she had her captive made,
 Was still of ROMAN force afraid;
 By thee she humbly sues for peace,
 And for the captives, and thy own release.
 In vain! whilst for thy country's good,
 Thou wast resolv'd to spend thy blood;
 In vain! whilst still to honour true,
 Thou thro' unbeaten paths the goddess didst pursue.
 Nor could the senate's pious care,
 Thy much-deserving life to spare,
 Nor thy chaste wife's, nor childrens tears,
 Nor friends, nor kindreds blackest fears,
 Thy well-weigh'd resolution shake,
 Or to diffusive love a narrower channel make,

VII.

THE doubting fathers thou, in council met,
 Did'st thus perswade thy merit to forget,
 And rhetorick unheard-of try,
 CARTHAGE and thy own interest to deny,
 And frustrate all the purpose of thy embassy:
 * ' Can I, (said'st thou) fathers of ROME,
 ' Forget our late ignoble doom;
 ' Those arms, that better far had grac'd
 ' A ROMAN hand, in PUNICK temples plac'd?
 ' Those arms which when our ancestors did wield,
 ' With AFRICK's noblest blood they dy'd the field;

* See HOR. B. 3. Ode. 5.

- Those their degen'rate offspring did inglorious yield.
- The hands, no doubt, will ne'er in fight be slack,
- That have been bound behind a feece-born back!
- The foldier too must needs more valiant grow,
- Whom gold redeems from a perfidious foe!
- But think not to retrieve the ROMAN name,
- Thus with the purchase of your country's shame;
- Lost honour this way you no more
- Than native whiteness can restore
- To wool, when drunk with TYRIAN die
- THAUMANTIA's bow it does outvie.
- If from the toils set free the hunted deer
- Prepare for fight, forgetful of his fear,
- Then may you hope he will his valour try,
- That yielded to a treach'rous enemy,
- And with those coward hands that wore the chain,
- CARTHAGE, elated with our ruin, beat again.

VIII.

HAIL, awful goddess! brighter far
 Than all thy sister virtues are:
 Hail thou that dost unquestion'd rule above,
 The darling favourite of JOVE,
 Immortal HONOUR! for to thee is giv'n,
 With a new race to people heaven.
 Hail, pow'rful goddess! that could'st thus
 Inspire the daring soul of REGULUS,
 Himself a victim in thy cause to give,
 That dying ROME thro' him again might live..
 For well th' illustrious exile knew,
 What PUNICK cruelty would do;

Full well he knew what he must undergo,
 From a perfidious and inhuman foe;
 Yet with far less concern he put away
 Whatever would retard his stay,
 Than if from business he had sought retreat,
 And hasten'd to a calm delightful country seat.

IX.

EXALTED high in fame by this immortal deed,
 Thou did'st all hero's past, nay even thyself, exceed:
 Thee shall recording annals greater call,
 For this thy unexampled fall:
 Nor with like wonder will posterity
 The story of thy former godlike actions see:
 Even the most signal one must lie,
 Compar'd with this, in low obscurity;
 And * BAGRADA must now confess,
 Tho' witness to thy conquest on her banks, 'twas less;
 Tho' thou did'st there the monster quell,
 That was even to an army terrible,

* *A River of AFRICA near UTICA, on the Bank of which REGULUS and the ROMAN Army destroyed with Slings and Arrows a Serpent 120 Foot long: It is thus described by SILIUS-ITALICUS,*

*Monstrum exitiabile, et ira
 Telluris genitum, cui par vix videret atas
 Ulla virum; serpens, centum porrectus in ulnas,
 Lethalem ripam, & lucos habitabat avernos.*

Yet here thy courage had the greater pain,
 A greater conquest to obtain;
 Nature's abhorrence there receiv'd its doom,
 But nature's self, when sweetest, here thou did'st o'er-
 come!

Bright virtues boast! how far unlike to thee,
 The present race of human kind we see?
 What thou did'st to thy country greatly pay,
 On darling lusts they idly throw away;
 And whilst they at the shameless shrine
 Of BACCHUS, or of VENUS their lewd lives resign,
 With wild pretence of HONOUR's votaries,
 They would be thought to fall thy sacrifice,
 And lay with frontless impudence their claim,
 Great goddess, to thy fair immortalizing name:

But with ASTRÆA thou on high,
 A lovely pair, long since did'st to OLYMPUS fly:
 There, while the cheated world gives chase
 To the vain idol that usurps thy place,
 Encircled, thou dost sit above the sky,
 With heroes, thy own progeny;
 And thence the giddy rout serenely view,
 With undeserv'd applause thy phantom still pursue.



THE



T H E
CARMEN SÆCULARE of HORACE.

Translated by Mr. WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.

The following Ode was written by the command of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, and perform'd at the Secular Games, which were the most solemn among the ROMANS. A particular Account of them may be seen in Mr. DACIER's Notes, and in KENNET's ROMAN Antiquities: From whence it may be proper to observe, that this Festival continued three Days, on the last of which this Ode was sung by a Choir of Boys and Girls, in the Temple of APOLLO PALATINUS, in Honour of the Gods to whom they had been sacrificing, and to implore their Protection on the ROMAN State.

The Readings of the learned Dr. BENTLEY, which seem to set several Passages in a much more beautiful Light than the vulgar Editions, are followed in this Translation.

The CHOIR of BOYS and GIRLS.

HEAR, PHOEBUS, source of light, heav'n's brightest
grace!

And thou, DIANA, sovereign of the chace!

Ye pow'rs ador'd, and to be still ador'd,

What at this sacred time we ask, accord.

U 4

Now,

224 *HORACE's Carmen Sæculare.*

Now, when the SYBILLS awful lines command,
That youths and virgins, in a chosen band,
Shall to the gods, whom our seven hills delight,
A choral hymn alternately recite.

The CHOIR of BOYS.

INDULGENT fun! who with thy radiant car,
Dost now the day conceal, and now unbar;
Another, and the same: May thy fair light
Than ROME behold no more illustrious fight!

The CHOIR of GIRLS.

MILD ILITHYA, timely succour give
To lab'ring mothers, and their pangs relieve;
Whether you chuse LUCINA for your name,
Or rather that of GENETYLLIS claim.

GODDESS, prolong our race! prosper the law
The women into marriage-bands to draw;
That excellent decree, fruitful of sons,
Which husbands with peculiar honours crowns.

The two CHOIRS.

OFF' as an infant-century appears,
After elev'n times ten revolving years,
Let it renew like frequent songs and fights,
For three glad days, and three distinguish'd nights.

YE Sister-PARCE, whose resistless will
Future events infallibly fulfill;
Whose word once spoke, immutable shall last,
Add happy fates to those already past.

LET earth, enrich'd with flocks and ripen'd corn,
Kind CERES' head with yellow wreaths adorn:
Let healthful streams, sweet air and fatt'ning food
Cherish the cattle and their tender brood.

The CHOIR of BOYS.

PHOEBUS, (thy bow unbent) with fav'ring ear
The choir of boys, thus humbly suppliant, hear!

The CHOIR of GIRLS.

HORN'D CYNTHIA, hear the maiden *Chorus*' vows,
Which lowly to thy power, adoring, bows!

The two CHOIRS.

IF ROME's your work; if by your high command,
The TROJAN troops first fought th' ETRUSCAN land,
By you enjoyn'd to leave their native shore,
And other realms with prosp'rous course explore:

WHOM safe conducted thro' devouring flame,
The * chief, surviving to immortal fame,
Led to a fairer soil, a happier coast,
And greater wealth than what in TROY they lost.

* *ÆNEAS, the Founder of ROME.*

226 HORACE's *Carmen Sæculare*.

LET youth with early probity be blest;
Ye gods, to feeble age give grateful rest!
And on our nation with a plenteous flow,
Riches and sons, and every grace bestow!

WHAT CÆSAR with slain hecatombs requires,
Let him obtain, and crown his full desires:
CÆSAR, who triumphs o'er his stubborn foes,
But gen'rous mercy to the prostrate shows.

THE trembling MEDE now fears, by sea and land,
Th' ALBANIAN AX, and CÆSAR's pow'ful hand:
Far INDIANS, late so proud, and SCYTHIANS wait,
To court his friendship, and to learn their fate.

TRUTH, HONOUR, PEACE, and MODESTY again
Return on earth with all their happy train:
Neglected VIRTUE dares unveil her face,
And PLENTY now appears with jovial grace.

The CHOIR of BOYS.

THE præscious god, gay with his glitt'ring bow
And golden harp; who skilful is to show
Of healing herbs the salutary power,
And sickly mortals to sound health restore;

IF he beholds with a propitious eye
LATIUM, and these high towers which pierce the sky,
He'll add fresh glories to our envy'd name,
And yearly propagate the ROMAN fame.

The

The CHOR of GIRLS.

DIANA, on mount ALGIDUS ador'd,
Does to the QUINDECIMVIRI afford
A friendly ear; our choral vows receives,
And what we ask, with smiling aspect gives.

The two CHOIRS.

ALL we, who PHOEBUS' and DIANA's praise,
Tuneful have sung in consecrated lays,
Will home, with certain hope, return, that Jove
Allows our pray'r, and all the powers above.



Spoken



*Spoken by a little Boy at his first
putting on Breeches.*

WHAT is it our mamma's bewitches,
To plague us little boys with breeches?
To tyrant custom we must yield,
Who against reason keeps the field.
Our legs must suffer by ligation,
To keep the blood from circulation:
And then, our feet, tho' young and tender,
We to the shoe-maker surrender;
Who often makes our shoes so strait,
Our feeble joints they cramp and fret:
Then, with contrivance most profound,
Across our insteps we are bound;
Which is the cause (I make no doubt)
Why numbers suffer in the gout:
Our wiser ancestors wore brogues,
Before the surgeons brib'd these rogues,
With narrow toes, and heels like pegs,
To help to make us break our legs;
Then, ere we know to use our fists,
Our mothers tightly tie our wrists;
And never think our cloaths fit neat,
Till they're so strait, we cannot eat;

And,

Spoken by a little Boy. 229

And, to encrease our other pains;
The hatband helps to cramp our brains;
The cravat finishes the work;
Like bow-string sent by the grand turk:
Thus, dress, that should prolong our date,
Is made to hasten on our fate.

FAIR privilege of nobler natures,
To be more plagu'd than other creatures!

THE wild inhabitants of air
Are form'd by heav'n with wondrous care
Their curious well-compacted feathers
Are coats of mail against all weathers;
Enamell'd to delight the eye,
Gay as the bow that decks the sky:
The beasts are cloath'd with beauteous skins;
The fishes arm'd with scales and fins,
With scales that lend the sailor light,
When all the stars are hid in night.
(O were our dress contriv'd, like these,
For use, for ornament, and ease!)
Each amply cloath'd, by heav'n is sent,
To sport in its own element:
We only seem to sorrow born,
Naked, defenceless, and forlorn:
Reason was given us to supply
What nature did to man deny.
Weak viceroy; who thy power will own,
When custom has usurp'd thy throne?

In

In vain did I appeal to thee,
 Ere I would wear his livery;
 Who, in defiance to thy rules,
 Delights to make us act like fools.
 O'er human race the tyrant reigns,
 And binds them in eternal chains.
 We yield to his despotic sway,
 The only monarch all obey.



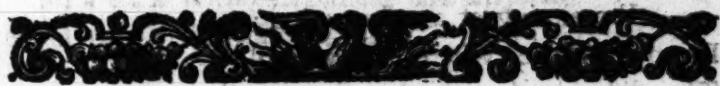
*Upon a LADY who said, she lov'd to
 surprize.*

WITH meagre face, and black forbidding eyes,
 With cloudy majesty, ALECTO cries,
 Oh! what a pleasure 'tis to give surprize!

SINCE you, ALECTO, to surprize delight,
 Shew in the world the most surprizing fight,
 Your self good-humour'd, morning, noon, or night.



THE



THE
INVOLUNTARY SINNERS!
A TALE.

WITH grief, my friend, as well as you,
Degenerate mankind I view,
Fall'n from their ancient virtuous lives,
When due regard was paid to wives:
Each husband like a bridegroom, burn'd,
Ev'n tho' his flame was not return'd;
And paid his nuptial dues each night,
Tho' the cold fair refus'd her mite.

FOLKS sometimes sin, thro' too much zeal,
As soon the sequel will reveal;
But, whatsoe'er men do amiss,
'Tis seldom they offend in this:
And we must own, in this our day,
The danger's greater t'other way.

How diff'rent were the days of old,
When swains were warm, and nymphs were cold?
Or cold they were, or seem'd to be,
For leaving CUPID in the lurch:
All transports of a devotee
Proceed from rev'rence to the church.

WHENCE,

232 *The INVOLUNTARY SINNERS.*

WHENCE, you'll reply, this long narration? —
 — I'm aiming at a reformation:
 Examples move, where precepts fail;
 Then listen, and apply the tale.

YOUNG COLIN liv'd a virtuous life,
 He kiss'd no creature but his wife;
 No dove more constant to his mate,
 No sparrow lov'd at such a rate;
 And nightly, as the night still came,
 He fail'd not to caress the dame:
 While she, reserv'd, and cross, and coy,
 Shunn'd (or appear'd to shun) the joy.

ONE night he chanc'd so late to stay,
 'Till PHOEBUS brought returning day;
 Then home he went, or home was led,
 And found his spouse retir'd to bed:
 On her soft lips he fix'd a kiss,
 Then hasten'd to the seat of bliss.
 No limb she mov'd, no word would say,
 But lifeless and regardless lay.
 COLIN, amaz'd to find her dumb,
 (What's grief to him, were joy to some)
 Cry'd, "Prithee, MORSA, prithee speak,
 " Indeed I'll not stay out this week:
 " This fullen silence grieves me more,
 " Than all your chiding heretofore:
 " — What! not a word! — I think she's dead!
 Too true, alas! the words he said:
 The curtains drawn, the sun reveal'd
 What darkness had 'till then conceal'd.

STRUCK

The INVOLUNTARY SINNERS. 233

STRUCK with amazement and surprize,
Strait to his confessor he hies;
Tells him the horrors of the night,
And begs he'd set his conscience right;
Declares the party was his wife,
Nor knew she was depriv'd of life;
Yet still he felt an inward dread,
For violating thus the dead.

THE priest allow'd the thing was new,
And well he wist not what to do;
So to the conclave sent the case,
As men endu'd with greater grace.
They too declin'd a case so nice,
And crav'd his holiness' advice.

The pope consider'd well th' affair,
Then, plac'd in apostolic chair,
With awful brow, he thus decreed;

"COLIN from this offence is freed. —

"But lest vile men, in after-times,

Commit again such bestial crimes,

"Or be unwittingly drawn in,

"By froward women, thus to sin,

"It is the church's will, and mine,

"('Till women shall their breath resign).

"Whene'er mankind the FAIR embrace,

"Without dissembling in the case,

"That, be she widow, maid, or wife,

"She shew strong, vig'rous signs of life.

THE priests, who take peculiar care
To instruct and cultivate the FAIR,

X

With

234 *The* INVOLUNTARY SINNERS.

With zeal proclaim the P O P E's decree
To each attentive devotee.
The FAIR with ease, and joy obeys,
Whate'er her ghostly father says,

THUS, COLIN, from his sin reliev'd,
A decent time for M O R S A griev'd :
Till weary of a single-life,
He needs must take a second wife;
One not so pceevish, cross, and coy,
Who would participate his joy.
So said, so done; — a wife he chose
Juicy and young, yet one of those
Who, fam'd for a superior zeal,
To say her pray'rs, would lose a meal.

SOME happy months they pass'd together :
But wedlock will have cloudy weather.
It chanc'd, upon a market-day,
As homeward they pursu'd their way,
On the same horse this couple plac'd,
Her fondling arm about his waist,
Three villains met this loving pair;
They robb'd the man, — survey'd the fair ; —
Then each by turns; — eternal shame !
Did — what the muse forbears to name :
So pack'd her up behind her spouse,
And wish'd 'em well to their own house.

ALONG they trudge in piteous taking ;
Judge how poor COLIN's heart was aking !

Silent

The INVOLUNTARY SINNERS. 235

Silent he rode : now inward groan'd,
Then knit his brows, then sigh'd, then frown'd;
'Till after many miles, the fair
Address'd him thus, to ease his care ;
" Prithee, dear COLIN, why this grief ?
" What's lost, is lost ; why, hang the thief :
" Some money's gone ; — still we have more :
" To minds content, enough is store. —
" Puh ! — (COLIN cry'd) that's not the matter ;
" Forbear your idle, foolish chatter.
" Why scold at me, (reply'd the dame) ;
" In what, I pray, am I to blame ? —
— " Art thou so vile, so void of grace,
" To ask that question to my face ?
" These eyes beheld it ! — these two eyes ! —
— " They did, (she cry'd) ; a mighty prize :
" Against my will the thing was done ;
" You know I shudder at a gun :
" Nay, YOU stood very patient by ;
" YOU durst not STIR, no more than I. —
" Not STIR ! (cry'd he) ; ay, that's my grief :
" Not STIR ! — go ask each single thief,
" If any jade throughout the land,
" Her MOTIONS had at more command ? —
— " And is that ALL you have to say !
" Pray hold your tongue, — and mind your way :
" You know the law, as well as I ;
" Nay, were the cause on't, by the bye :
" I am an honest, virtuous woman,
" And won't be damn'd for you, nor no-man ;
" But will obey the POPE's decree ;
" So, thank your stars, there were but THREE.

236 *The* INVOLUNTARY SINNERS.

The MORAL.

LEARN hence, ye HUSBANDS young and old,
Not to complain your WIVES are cold :
For most wou'd own it, if they durst,
They wish 'em cold, as COLIN's *first*.

NEXT, Chuse not WIVES for too much zeal,
Which does the warmth within conceal :
And she who most adores the GOWN,
Oft proves the WAGTAIL of the town.



A N



A N

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

By a L A D Y.

LO ! HYMEN passes thro' th'admiring crowds,
 A saffron-robe the hideous tyrant shrouds ;
 Behind stalks PLUTUS, with a tempting store ;
 A mimic CUPID bears the torch before :
 False hopes, and phantom joys, a gaudy train,
 Surround his car, and dance along the plain :
 Still, as he passes, witless maids and swains,
 Lur'd by the show, put on his gilded chains.

Be wise, ye fair ! and shun the tempting bait,
 Nor flounce and struggle on the hook too late !
 Too late the fatal cheat you will discover,
 When you have caught the spouse, but lost the lover !
 The pleasing scene shall vanish from your eye,
 And gloomy discontents obscure the sky.
 What tho' th' impatient lover's fervent kiss
 May promise rapt'rous nights, and endless bliss,
 The hour shall be, when you, become a bride,
 Must hear him snore, inactive, by your side.

Mark well, ye fair ! a blooming swain and maid,
 While new-born flames their tender hearts invade !
 He warm and active, as the sun at noon ;
 She gay and genial, as the wanton JUNE ;

They

238 *An EPITHALAMIUM.*

They speak in raptures, and with transport move ;
 They meet, they kiss, they press, they pant, they love.
 But lo ! the long'd-for FLAMEN joins their hands,
 And rivets on the everlasting bands ;
 The holy charm soon damps their warm desires,
 (For HYMEN's torch still puts out CUPID's fires)
 They grow PLATONICK, bodies leave off sporting,
 While soul and soul go hand-in-hand in courting.
 The vig'rous lover, and the mistress gay,
 Turn'd to a lifeless mass of mingled clay.

THIS sudden change in a young healthy pair,
 May make, perhaps, the beaux and women stare ;
 May puzzle court and city, to detect
 The mighty pow'r, which works the sad effect.
 But sages, who explore each hidden cause,
 Know, that by nature's necessary laws,
 Two distant bodies, while they're free and loose,
 May action and re-action still produce :
 But by compulsive force together ty'd,
 No motion can begin from either side.

THIS single problem may suffice to prove
 The dire effect that wedlock has on love ;
 In order to convince the learned few,
 We bring them reasons PHYSICALLY true.
 But since (to make an argument more strong)
 Examples must be hawl'd in, right or wrong ;
 An ancient tale, serv'd up in modern sort,
 May chance to please the fair, — tho' 'tis but short:

WHILE

An EPI THALAM IUM. 239

WHILE HERMES' son sports in the crystal flood,
SALMACIS lurks within the bordering wood ;
Behind the twining boughs she stands, to view
His well-turn'd limbs, and pants to touch them too :
Then grown impatient, casts her robes aside,
And plunges furious through the yielding tide ;
She grasps the struggling boy with eager love,
And thus directs her fatal pray'r to J O V E ;
" Supreme of pow'rs ! oh, grant me to remain
" Thus join'd, for ever, to the lovely swain !
Too well she's heard : the mingling sexes blend,
And the lost pair in a new monster end.

THUS, many a hapless girl, thro' sad mistake,
Souses into the matrimonial lake,
In hopes of raptures, bliss, and all the rest
Which lovers feel, possessing and possess'd :
Warm'd with the thought, she's tir'd of being alone,
Sees a brisk youth, and wishes him her own.
Her pray'r is granted ; by the church's doom,
They're join'd for ever, and one flesh become :
In wife and husband, girl and boy are lost,
And make one poor HERMAPHRODITE at most.



S O N G.



S O N G.

ADAM from PARADISE, exil'd,
 His heart with anguish torn,
 Rov'd forrowing o'er the dreary wild,
 Abandon'd and forlorn.

So I, excluded from my dear,
 To woods despairing go :
 Like his, my punishment severe,
 Nor less my weight of woe.

THIS renders my affliction more,
 Tho' less, perhaps, my sin :
 An ANGEL drove him from the door,
 An ANGEL tempts me in.

OUR crimes, since thus our suff'rings suit,
 More parallel should lie :
 He tasted the FORBIDDEN FRUIT ;
 Alas ! — why should not I ?



The



*The following PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE
were spoken the 7th and 9th of April
1731. at the Play of Sophonisba ; or,
Hannibal's Overthrow, which was
then acted in Villars-Street, York-
Buildings, by young Gentlemen and
Ladies, with great Applause.*

PROLOGUE *spoken by* LÆLIUS.

TO win the giddy wayward Soul of youth
To thoughts of honour, and to love of truth,
To form our dawning years, to thirst of glory,
Early we read the GREEK and ROMAN story :
And wisely have our governors thought fit
To mingle ROMAN sense, with BRITISH wit.

Not so our modern, modish youth are taught,
Learn'd in each Vice from foreign climates brought,
Who, fond of empty pomp and outward show,
Neglect the man, to dress the gaudy beau.
Powder'd and lac'd, each noisy fop advances,
Bless'd, when he into female favour — dances.
Had those ITALIANS been with Opera's bless'd,
Or SCIPIO in a smart Toupet been dress'd,

242 PROLOGUE.

CARTHAGE had still the ROMAN armies brav'd,
Or ROME, herself, by CARTHAGE been enslav'd.

To make our breasts with conscious virtue glow,
To guard our country, and repell the foe,
To fix these nations in our opening mind,
Is the sole business of this day design'd:
And if the poet take a bolder flight,
And, by his subject fir'd, soar out of sight;
Sure we may well excuse his noble flame,
Rais'd and exalted by the ROMAN name.

BUT his defence ill suits my tender years——
To you, with humble hopes and modest fears,
Bright circle of the brave and fair, we sue:
With smiles, our weak, our first endeavours view:
That when, in future years, some glorious cause
Shall call us forth, we may deserve applause:
Our BRITISH hearts to ROMAN virtues rise,
Valiant as SCIPIO, and as LÆLIUS wise.



EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE *spoken by ROSALINDA.*

THE late fam'd actress who had all the vogue,
Herself exerted in an Epilogue:

In tragedy, exalted virtue's laws,

But e're she went, wou'd show ye — what she was.

One while, she wak'd the soul, with matchless art;

Another — labour'd to corrupt the heart.

The tragic queen, before so good and great,

Appear'd, at last, to be — a loose coquet.

BUT as I'm proud of ROSALINDA's name;

No wanton Epilogue shall taint my fame;

She shall my pattern be, I'll copy her,

Her virtues, and heroic character.

And if my sex's softness e'er should move

(As some years hence it may) my soul to love,

I shall despise the powder'd coxcomb's air,

Th' embroider'd suit, and prim'd up Solitaire;

The fav'rites of our sex unworthy deem,

And value only whom the men esteem;

He that defends his king's and country's cause,

And, by his services, deserves applause,

Shall claim my person, and my heart incline,

Resolv'd, like ROSALINDA, still to shine;

Her life I'd live, but hope for better fate;

My HANNIBAL I'd have more fortunate:

Not that a glorious death I would evade,

Only, methinks, 'tis hard — to die a maid.



VERSES *to the Memory of Mrs.*
 OLDFIELD, *spoken at the Theatre-*
Royal in Drury-Lane, by Mrs.
 HERON.

WHEN the rich gem, which warmer suns refine
 To strongest lustre in the INDIAN mine,
 By art improv'd, its genuine charms displays,
 And from each angle throws the dazzling rays.
 How faint the glimm'ring of each meaner stone?
 The brilliant dims all brightness but its own.

SUCH was our stage's case while she appear'd,
 Who pleas'd each eye, and every bosom cheer'd,
 Alike excell'd in every varying scene,
 The prude, coquet, the heroine, and the queen;
 Whose peerless art no fancy could forestall,
 Who wore all characters, and charm'd in all.

YET that remov'd, which sole engag'd the sight,
 Ev'n vulgar gems may gleam a pleasing light.

SUCH now our case, while we her loss deplore,
 And brightness dawns from what was shade before.

While

While many successors her parts divide,
Like conquer'd realms when ALEXANDER dy'd,
Her various excellence we humbly trace,
And our faint copy lessens every grace;
Like some vast mirror she reflected all,
We like the fragments shatter'd by her fall.

THEN humbly let us own what thanks are due,
For all the candor which we find in you,
Who of your brightest jewel thus bereft,
Strive to improve, not scorn the stock you've left,

THE florist thus when winds his care annoy,
Or storms the blossom of his hope destroy,
Renews his labour still, nor spares his cost
To save the remnant, tho' he mourns the lost.





*To his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND,
upon his being install'd Knight of the
Garter, along with the Right Hon.
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

By the Reverend Mr. NEWCOMB.

WITH every honour grac'd, thy youth appears,
Long to thy merits due, before thy years:
Those titles, with which age is proud to shine,
Just in the early bloom of life are thine;
While monarchs thy great worth with trophies crown,
That give the bravest, fame; the best, renown;
Binding around thy leg the azure string,
Which sets the knight in glory next the king;
EDWARD's fam'd garter smiling to decree,
A gift familiar to a RICHMOND's knee;
Worn by a parent long — no new renown;
From sire to son transmitted greatly down;
Now thine — in future ages to adorn
Thy sons — and heroes of thy race unborn,
Who, emulous to reach a father's fame,
Shall claim thy Star, as well as boast thy Name.

OTHERS

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* P

OTHERS by slow degrees to fame arise,
 You seize at once your virtue's noble prize:
 Your glory like the sun's — whose sudden ray
 Bursts from the cloud at once, and makes a day;
 Whose titles, by each other still surpass'd,
 Each other shade — the fairest still the last;
 Your second brighter than your first renown,
 While WINDSOR's star eclipses BAIA's crown:
 Whose orb, upon thy breast more full and bright,
 The monarch gave — but thou the nobler light,
 The sacred ray, which from the circle springs,
 And adds a glory to the gift of kings.
 In HENRY's dome, a seat no longer thine,
 Where RICHMOND's banners next to * WILLIAM's shine
 Thy arms remov'd, that others may receive,
 And grow renown'd, with titles that you leave:
 Each hero's envy'd fame, as well as pride,
 To wear those trophies which you lay aside,
 Which left by you, to PRINCES add a grace,
 To the lov'd youth of GEORGE's BRITISH race;
 No vulgar praise, for which the best might sue
 Next to succeed, and merit next to you,
 To wear those CROWNS, by birth and virtue yours,
 Which nothing but your brighter STAR obscures,
 While WINDSOR opens wide her royal gate
 To introduce her youthful knight in state,
 Proud of a name so lov'd her hero brings
 To take his seat, and share a fame with kings.

* Prince WILLIAM one of the Knights of the Bath.

As in the bow, which paints the evening skies,
 Fair and more fair the beauteous tints arise,
 By turns the varying colours strike our sight
 With gay confusion, and with mingled light,
 Till fainter now retires each dying hue,
 The GREEN and RED, both conquer'd by the BLUE;
 Thus bright, and thus confus'd thy honour's bloom;
 One shedding but to yield another room:
 So throng'd, within thy age's narrow sphere,
 We lose the great, the greater are so near,
 Which like thy RICHMOND's heavenly charms surprize;
 Her cheeks the fairest, till we view her eyes,
 Each beauty by some stronger charm surpass'd,
 That pleasing most, our eye adores the last.
 Thy glories thus, like streams that never stay,
 Each other press and drive themselves away.

HAIL name belov'd! with kings and hero's plac'd,
 Crown'd with each virtue, with each science grac'd;
 By fates indulgent gift the glory thine,
 In camps alike, and polish'd courts to shine,
 To trace all nature's hidden laws with ease,
 With smiles to awe, with dignity to please;
 Who to her fav'rite does at once impart
 The virgin's pity, and the warrior's heart;
 In him th' extreams of nature reconcil'd,
 With titles humble, and in greatness mild,
 To whom reality was ever dear,
 Much better pleas'd to be than to appear,

Scorning

Scorning the courtier's low inglorious part,
The smiling visage and the curling heart,
The statesman's crooked and mysterious way;
The lip that first would flatter, then betray;
The sober look that calmly would beguile,
And when it meant a stab, profess a smile,
With friendship's name thy fate or fall pursue,
And in the fervent vow of love, undo.

LET the great saint, which now adorns thy breast,
Inspire thee to relieve the soul distressed;
By his example be thy arm more brave,
Lifted by honour to avenge, or save!
Drawing thy pious sword in virtue's cause,
For injur'd freedom, or for dying laws.
While thus more dear thy glories seem to be,
Obliging others, than adorning thee,
Mankind instructed by a RICHMOND's name,
That greatest virtues dwell with highest fame!
That pity still inspires the noblest mind,
pleas'd to be great — but only to be kind;
In thy full fame, too generous to disown
A muse unskill'd — but not to thee unknown.

TAKE then the wreath thy early worth supplies,
Like WALPOLE merit, who with WALPOLE rise;
Thy first, is to deserve so fair a name,
And to deserve with him a second fame:
It gives thy star new lustre in our eyes,
To share a glory with the great, and wise;

Z

With

250 *VERSES to his Grace*

With him, who claims from each alike renown,
 Lov'd by the subject; favour'd by the crown.
 Zealous for both, whom both by turns commend,
 The monarch's guardian, and the people's friend,
 Who bids our fame by land and sea increase;
 Best guide in war, best counsellor in peace.
 Teaching our isle to scorn the proudest foe,
 Credit and wealth in larger streams to flow!
 Our fleets and armies nobly to disdain
 The fraud of GALLIA, and the force of SPAIN.

NOR shall BRITANNIA's statesman blush to wear
 Thy titles, and a fame with thee to share:
 Honour, integrity, good-nature, truth,
 His age may learn from thy experienc'd youth.
 There view the seeds of worth and virtue sown
 Of ripening arts and prudence like his own:
 Where WALPOLE's wisdom, early form'd, appears;
 To be matur'd, and equal that, by years.
 Each precept plain, to his well-judging thought,
 Which SOLON practis'd, or LYCURGUS taught:
 From youth, each learned rule by him acquir'd
 The PORCH, the STOA, or the GROVE inspir'd;
 To act the friend's, or else the patriot's part;
 To curb the passion, or to guide the heart;
 To teach the soul its virtue to sustain,
 Not warpt by pleasure, or subdu'd by pain;
 To strike, it injur'd right his sword should need,
 The tyrant quell, or with his country bleed.
 Conscious, what various duties ought to sway,
 Or kings who rule, or subjects who obey;

What

the Duke of RICHMOND. 251

What to ourselves, to others, what we owe;
To friends what love; what mercy to a foe!
What gave to GREECE her triumphs and her fame,
What rais'd, and what debas'd the ROMAN name!
Where BRUTUS aim'd the point aright, and where,
Striking himself, his sword betray'd his fear!
How fair that virtue, which a realm sustains!
That guilt how black, which loads her sons with chains!

To calm each sadness in the mourner's breast,
To dry the tear, and ease the heart distress'd:
Touch'd with each human woe, to feel a pain,
Hearing the pris'ner sigh, the sad complain,
Well-pleas'd from all thy grandeur to descend,
To be the orphan's guide, or wretch's friend;
In its full height to throw thy fame aside,
In nothing proud — but in a scorn of pride;
Preferring (chang'd how little by a name!)
Goodness to birth, humanity to fame,
Are virtues, WALPOLE may with praise pursue,
May imitate from thee, but not outdo;
Proud to behold his STAR with lustre shine,
With rays resembling, — almost drawn from thine.

FILL then their rival orbs with fullest light,
Already beauteous, make them still more bright;
Wipe off the rust that sullied them so long;
Be still their beams more fair, their light more strong,
That from each breast, where every merit lives,
Each star may take more lustre than it gives.

F I N I S.

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Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery Way;
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.*

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